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HALF A ROGUE

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

At the club Warrington found a few lonely bachelors, who welcomed him to the long table in the grill room, but he was in no mood for gossip and whisky. He ordered a lithia, drank it quickly and escaped to the reading room to write some letters.

Down in the grill room they talked him over.

"I don't knew whether he boozes now, but he used to be tanked quite regularly," said one.

"Yes, and they say he writes best when half-seas over."

"Evidently," said a third, "he doesn't drink unless he wants to, and that's more than most of us can say."

"Pshaw! Sunday's clearing-up day; nobody drinks much on Sunday. I wonder that Warrington didn't marry Challoner himself. He went around with her a lot."

Everybody shrugged. You can shrug away a reputation a deal more safely than you can talk it.

"Oh, Bennington's no ass. She's a woman of brains, anyhow. It's something better than marrying a little fool of a pretty chorus girl. She'll probably make things lively for one ironmonger. If the hair doesn't fly, the money will. He's a good sort of chap, but he wants a snaffle and a curb on his high-stepper."

Then the topic changed to poker and the marvelous hands held the night before.

Warrington finished his correspondence, dined alone, and at seven-thirty started up the street to the Benningtons'. Jove, with the assurance of one who knows he will be welcomed, approached the inviting veranda at a gallop. His master, however, followed with a sense of diffidence. He noted that there was a party of young people on the veranda. He knew the severe and critical eye of youth, and he was a bit afraid of himself. Evidently Miss Patty had no lack of beaux. Miss Patty, in person, appeared at the top of the steps and smiled.

"I was half expecting you," she said, offering a slim, cool hand.

Warrington clasped it in his own and gave it a friendly pressure.

"Thank you," he replied. "Please don't disturb yourselves," he remonstrated, as the young men rose reluctantly from their chairs. "Is Mrs. Bennington at home?"

"You will find him in the library." Then Patty introduced him. There was some restraint on the part of the young men. They agreed that, should the celebrity remain, he would become the center of attraction at once, and all the bright things they had brought for the dazzlement of Patty would have to pass unsaid.

To youth, every new-comer is a possible rival; he wouldn't be human if he didn't believe that each man who comes along is simply bound to fall in love with the very girl he has his eyes on.

On the other hand, the young girls regretted that the great dramatist wasn't going to sit beside them. There is a strange glamour about these men and women who talk or write to us from over the footlights. As Warrington disappeared into the hallway the murmur and frequent laughter was resumed.

Mrs. Bennington was very glad to see him. She laid aside her book and made room for him on the divan. They talked about the weather, the changes that had taken place since the fall, a scrap of foreign travel of mutual interest, each hoping that the other would be first to broach the subject most vital to both. Finally, Mrs. Bennington realized that she could fence no longer.

"It was verly good of you to come. I have so many things to ask you."

"Yes."

"My boy's determination to marry has been very sudden. I knew nothing till a month ago. I love him so, and my whole heart hungers for one thing—the assurance that he will be happy with the woman of his choice."

"My dear Mrs. Bennington, Jack will marry a woman who is as loyal and honest as she is brilliant and beautiful. Miss Challoner is a woman any family might be proud to claim. She numbers among her friends many of the brilliant minds of the age; she compels their respect and admiration by her intellect and her generosity. Oh, Jack is to be envied. I can readily understand the deep-rooted antagonism the actress still finds among the laity. It is a foolish prejudice. I can point out many cases where the layman has married an actress and has been happy and contented with his lot."

"But on the obverse side?" with a smile that was sad and dubious.

"Happiness is always in the minority of cases, in all walks of life. Happiness depends wholly upon ourselves; environment has nothing to do with it. Most of these theatrical marriages you have read about were mere business contracts. John is in love."

"But is he loved?"

"Miss Challoner has a very comfortable fortune of her own. She would, in my opinion, be the last person in the world to marry for money or social position, the latter of which she already has."

But she saw through his diplomacy.

"Perhaps she may desire a home?"

"That is probable; but it is quite evident to me that she wants John with it."

"There are persons in town who will do their best to make her unhappy."

"You will alwsys find those persons; but I am confident Miss Challoner will prove a match for any of them. There is no other woman in the world who knows better than she the value of well-applied flattery."

"She is certainly a charming woman; it is impossible not to admit that frankly. But you, who are familiar with the stage, know how unstable people of that sort are. Suppose she tires of John? It would break my heart."

"Ah, but that will depend upon Jack. Doubtless he knows the meaning of 'to have and to hold.' To hold any woman's love, a man must make himself indispensable; he must be her partner in all things; her comrade and husband when need be, her lover always. There can be no going back to old haunts, so attractive to men; club life must become merely an incident. Again, he must not be under her feet all the time. Too much or too little will not do; it must be the happy between."

"You are a very wise young man."

Warrington laughed embarrassedly. "I have had to figure out all these things."

"But if she does not love him!"

"How in the world can she help it?"

She caught up his hand in a motherly clasp.

"We mothers are vain in our love. We make our sons paragons; we blind ourselves to the faults; we overlook their follies, and condone their sins. And we build so many castles that one day tumble down about our ears. Why is it a mother always wishes her boy to marry the woman of her choice? What right has a mother to interfere with her son's heart-desires? It may be that we fear the stranger will stand between us. A mother holds, and always will hold, that no woman on earth is good enough for her son. Now, as I recollect, I did not think Mr. Bennington too good for me." She smiled drolly.

Lucky Jack! If only he had had a mother like this! Warrington thought.

"I dare say he thought that, too," he said. "Myself, I never knew a mother's love. No doubt I should have been a better man. Yet, I've often observed that a boy with a loving mother takes her love as a matter of course, and never realizes his riches till he has lost them. My aunt is the only mother I have known."

"And a dear, kind, loving soul she is," said Mrs. Bennington. "She loves you, if not with mother-love, at least with mother-instinct. When we two get together, we have a time of it; I, lauding my boy; she, praising hers. But I go round and round in a circle: my boy. Sons never grow up; they are always our babies; they come to us with their heartaches, at three or at thirty; there is ever one door open in the storm, the mother's heart. If she loves my boy, nothing shall be too good for her."

"I feel reasonably sure that she does." Did she? he wondered. Did she love Jack as he (Warrington) wanted some day to be loved?

"As you say," the mother went on, "how can she help loving him? He is a handsome boy; and this alone is enough to attract women. But he is so kind and gentle, Richard; so manly and strong. He has his faults; he is human, like his mother. John is terribly strong-willed, and this would worry me, were I not sure that his sense of justice is equally strong. He is like me in gentleness; but the man in him is the same man I loved in my girlhood days. When John maps out a course to act upon, if he believes he is right, nothing can swerve him—nothing. And sometimes he has been innocently wrong. I told Miss Challoner all his good qualities and his bad. She told me that she, too, has her faults. She added that there was only one other man who could in any way compare with John, and that man is you."

"I?" his face growing warm.

"Yes. But she had no right to compare anybody with my boy," laughing.

"There isn't any comparison whatever," admitted Warrington, laughing too. "But it was very kind of Miss Challoner to say a good word for me." And then upon impulse he related how, and under what circumstances, he had first met the actress.

"It reads like a story—a versatile woman. This talk has done me much good. I know the affection that exists between you and John, and I am confident that you would not misrepresent anything. I shall sleep easier tonight."

The portieres rattled, and Patty stood in the doorway.

"Everybody's gone; may I come in?"

Warrington rose. "I really should be very glad to make your acquaintance," gallantly. "It's so long a time since I've met young people—"

"Young people!" indignantly. "I am not young people; I am twenty, going on twenty-one."

"I apologize." Warrington sat down.

Thereupon Miss Patty, who was a good sailor, laid her course close to the wind, and with few tacks made her goal, which was the complete subjugation of this brilliant man. She was gay, sad, witty and wise; and there were moments when her mother looked at her in puzzled surprise. As for Warrington he went from one laugh into another.

Oh, dazzling twenty; blissful, ignorant, confident twenty! Who among you would not be twenty, when trouble passes like cloud-shadows in April; when the door of the world first opens? Ay, who would not trade the meager pittance, wrested from the grinding years, for one fleet, smiling dream of twenty?

"It is all over town, the reply you made to Mrs. Winthrop and that little, sawed-off, witty daughter of hers."

"Patty!"

"Well, she is sawed-off and witty."

"What did I say?" asked Warrington, blushing. He had forgotten the incident.

"Mrs. Winthrop asked you to make her daughter an epigram, and you replied that Heaven had already done that."

"By the way," said Warrington, when the laughter subsided. "I understand that my old dog has been running away from home lately. I hope he doesn't bother you."

"Bother, indeed! I just love him," cried Patty. "He's such a lovable animal. We have such good times on our morning rides. We had trouble last week, though. A white bulldog sprang at him. Jove was so tired that he would have been whipped had I not dismounted and beaten the white dog off. Oh, Jove was perfectly willing to contest the right of way. And when it was all over, who should come along but Mr. McQuade, the politician. It was his dog. And he hadn't even the grace to make an apology for his dog's ill manners."

"May I ride with you tomorrow morning?" he asked. He had intended to leave Herculaneum at noon; but there were many later trains.

"That will be delightful! I know so many beautiful roads; and we can lunch at the Country club. And Jove can go along, too."

"Where is the traitor?"

"He is sound asleep on the veranda rugs."

"Well, it's long past his bedtime. I must be going."

"Some time I hope you will come just to call on me."

"I shall not need any urging."

They followed him to the door, and good nights were said.

"Oh, Patty, he has lifted so much doubt!" said the mother, as the two returned to the library. "He has nothing but praise for Miss Challoner. It is quite possible that John will be happy."

"It is not only possible, mother darling, but probable. For my part, I think her the most charming, fascinating woman I ever met. And she told me she rides. What jolly times we'll have together, when John settles down in the new house!"

"The new house!" repeated the mother, biting her lips. "How the word hurts! Patty, why could they not come here. We'll be so lonely. Yet, it is the law of Heaven that a man and his wife must live by and for themselves."

Warrington walked home, lightened in spirit. He swung his cane, gave Jove a dozen love-taps, and whistled operatic airs. What a charming young creature it was, to be sure! The brain of a woman and the heart of a child. And he had forgotten all about her. Now, of course, his recollection became clear. He remembered a mite of a girl in short frocks, wonder-eyes and candy-smudged lips. How they grew, these youngsters!

He went into the house, still whistling. Jove ran out into the kitchen to see if by some possible miracle there was another piece of steak in his grub-pan. A dog's eyes are always close to his stomach. Harrington, finding that everybody had gone to bed, turned out the lights and went up stairs. He knocked on the door of his aunt's bed room.

"Is that you, Richard?"

"Yes. May I come in?"

"Certainly."

He entered quietly. The moonlight, pouring in through the window, lay blue-white on the counterpane and the beloved old face.

"What is it?" she asked.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and patted her hands.

"Aunty, old lady, I'm through thinking. I'm going to come home just as soon as I can fix up things in New York."

"Richard, my boy!" Her arms pulled him downward. "I knew it when you came in. I've prayed so long for this. God has answered my prayers. I'm so happy. Don't you remember how you used to tell me all your plans, the plots of your stories, the funny things that had come to you during the day? You used to come home late, but that didn't matter; you'd always find some pie and cheese and a glass of milk on the kitchen table—the old kitchen table. I'm so glad!"

"It may be a month or so; for I'll have to sell some of the things. But I'm coming home, I'm coming home." He bent swiftly and kissed her. "Good-night."

CHAPTER VI.

Warrington was up and about at six the next morning. He had never really outgrown the natural habit of waking at dawn, but he had fallen upon the evil way of turning over and sleeping till half after nine. He ate a light breakfast and went out to the stables and moved among the stalls, talking affectionate nonsense to the horses. A man cannot talk baby-talk, that is the undisputed prerogative of the woman; but he has a fashion of his own which serves. "Aha, old boy! handsome beggar!" or—"How's the little lady this morning, eh?" or yet again—"Rascal! you've been rubbing the hair off your tail!" In the box-stall Warrington's thoroughbred Irish hunter nozzled his palm for loaf sugar, and whinnied with pleasure when he found it. One of the first things Warrington had done, upon drawing his first big royalty check, was to buy a horse. As a boy on the farm he had hungered for the possession of one of those sleek, handsome animals which men call thoroughbreds. Then for a while he bought, sold and traded horses, for the mere pleasure it gave him to be near them. Finally he came to Herculaneum with two such saddle horses as made every millionaire in town (and there were several in Herculaneum) offer famulous sums whenever they ran across the owner. Next, he added two carriage-horses, in their way quite equal to the hunters. Men offered to buy these, too, but Warrington was a property owner now, and he wanted the horses for his own. In New York one of his wealthy friends had given him free use of his stables; so Warrington rode, at home and abroad. His income, ranging from twenty to thirty thousand the year, gave him that financial independence which neither the clerk nor the millionaire knew or understood. In the phraseology of the day, he carried his business under his hat; in other words, he had no business cares or responsibilities whatever.

Warrington made it a rule to saddle and bridle his own horses; grooms become careless. One or two men of his acquaintance had gone to their death for the want of care and a firm buckle. Besides, he enjoyed the work, and it accustomed the horses to his touch. He saddled his favorite hunter, and led the eager animal into the open. He mounted and whistled for the dog; but Jove for once did not respond; doubtless he was out of hearing. Thereupon Warrington started for the Benningtons' and found Polly already in the saddle. It was not that the dramatist was blase, but he had come into contact with so many beautiful women that his pulse rarely stirred out of its healthy, measured beat. But this morning he was conscious of a slight thrill. The girl was really beautiful; more than that, she was fresh with youth and gaiety, gaiety which older women find necessary to repress. She was dressed in a dark gray riding habit and wore a beaver cocked hat.

"Good morning," he said, touching his cap with his crop. "I hope I haven't kept you waiting."

"Only a moment." The truth is, she wanted to prove to him that there was one woman who did not keep men waiting. "Shall I pick the going'"

"I'm afraid I've lost track of the good country roads."

"Follow me, then."

They walked their horses to the city limits. You never saw either of them galloping over brick or asphalt, which quickly ruins the surest-footed horse; neither did they permit any fox-trotting, which, while it shows off a spirited horse, decreases his value in the ring. All of which is to say, these two, like their mounts, were thoroughbreds.

"Where is Jove?" she asked presently.

"The rogue is missing. I dare say he is gallivanting around some neighbor's back yard. I haven't laid eyes on him this morning. I believe he realizes that he will see me frequently hereafter, and has not bothered his head to look me up."

"Frequently?" She turned her head.

"Yes. I am coming home to live. Of course, this is my place of residence; my voter's bed, as the politicians say, is here in Herculaneum. But I mean to live here now in deed as well as in thought."

"I am sure we shall be delighted to have you with us." This was said gravely. A thought, which she would have repelled gladly, sprang into being. "I know John will be glad. He's always talking about you and your exploits at college."

"Our exploits," he corrected, laughing. "Shall we give them a little exercise now?" he asked, with a gesture toward the long brown road.

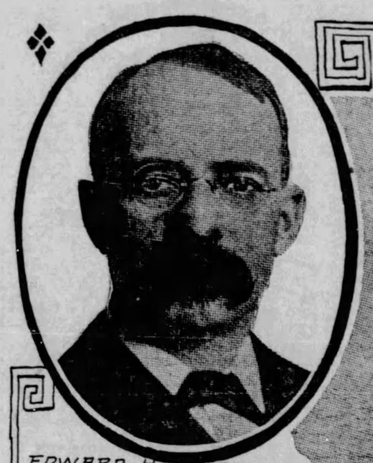
She nodded, and they started off at a sharp trot, and presently broke into a canter. So he was coming home to live? She felt a hot wave of sudden anger sweep over her, and her hands tightened on the reins. It was true, then? She loved her brother. What right had this man at her side to threaten her brother's happiness? Had Katherine Challoner signified her desire not to leave New York, would Warrington have decided to return to Herculaneum? Her hands relaxed. What a silly little fool she was! She, who despised and contemned gossip, was giving it ready ear. Had she ever found gossip other than an errant, cowardly liar? Gossip, gossip! Ah, if gossip, when she had made her round, would not leave suspicion behind her; suspicion, hydra-headed! What signified it that Warrington intended to come home to live? What signified it that her brother's wife would live across the way? She was ashamed of her evil thought; presently she would be no better than Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene, or any of those women who get together to tear somebody apart. As if Warrington could compare with her big, handsome, manly brother! It was all impossible. She would punish herself for ever entertaining such a thought as had been hers but a moment gone.

She stole a glance at Warrington. He was riding easily, his feet light in the stirrups, his head thrown back, his eyes half closed, and was breathing deeply of the cool air, which was heavy with the smell of sweet clover and dew-wet earth. It was a good, clean, honest face. Indeed, it was all impossible. Dissipation writes plainly upon the human countenance, and it had left no visible sign on Warrington's face. It may be that dissipation sometimes whimsically neglects to write all.

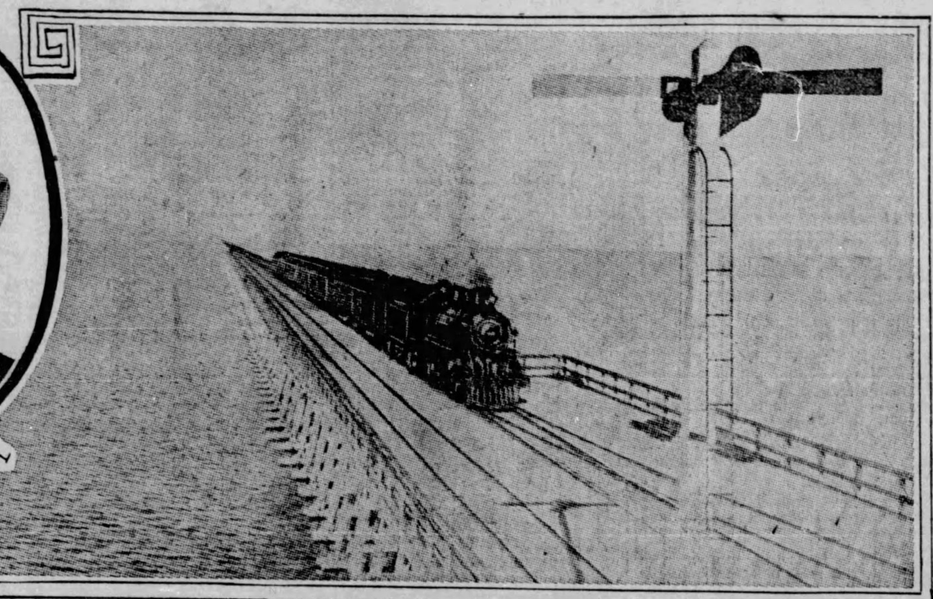
They thundered over the wooden bridge. The spirit of the morning was in the horses; they began to race. An unexpected curve in the road discovered a road-builder and his gang of Italians. A low barrier ran across the road. It was not exactly needed, as they were not digging, but laying crushed stone. The obstruction was simply for the convenience of the boss, who desired to work unhampered.

(To Be Continued.)

ROBERT S. LOVETT TO SUCCEED HARRIMAN



EDWARD H. HARRIMAN



GREAT SALT LAKE CUT OFF—

New York, Sept. 13.—William Rockefeller and Jacob H. Schiff were elected directors of the Union Pacific Railroad company today, succeeding Henry H. Rogers and Edward H. Harriman. They were also appointed members of the executive committee. The board of directors elected ex-Judge Robert S. Lovett chairman of the executive committee, to succeed Mr. Harriman.

The membership of the executive committee was increased from five to six members. The directors appointed a committee consisting of Marvin Hughitt, Charles A. Peabody and Henry C. Frick to draw up suitable resolutions on the death of Mr. Harriman.

The matter of electing a president of the Union Pacific system was not discussed at the meeting, but it is expected that the next head of the road will be an operating man.

The executive committee as at present constituted is composed of the following: Robert S. Lovett, chairman; Henry C. Frick, Marvin Hughitt, Frank A. Vanderlip, William Rockefeller and Jacob Schiff.

The consensus of opinion here among railroads is that George Gould will not become a great power now that Mr. Harriman is dead than he was before; that he will not be able to interfere, in any way, should he have the inclination, with the carrying out of Harriman's railroad plans.

It is believed that Harriman's transcontinental system will yet become a reality, though, for the present, his plans as to the New York Central are pushed aside. If Mr. Krutschnitt should succeed Mr. Harriman on the New York Central board it will look much as though the New York Central and Pacific are yet to be unified, as Harriman planned.

B. A. Worthington, receiver of the Wheeling & Lake Erie railroad and formerly in charge of Harriman's Northwest system, recently said:

"Mr. Harriman's various official capacities, will be filled, but I do not think any one man can represent the financial interests that he represented. It may be that there is some man that the various banking house have faith in as the ultimate successor of Mr. Harriman, but it would seem that several men would first be selected by the various institutions which, as a unit, had confidence in the one man. I think that Mr. Harriman's death will be a great loss to the country, but his plans will go forward along the lines laid down."

ROBERT SCOTT LOVETT LEONOR FRESNELL LOREE

KING'S DOCTOR TELLS HOW TO CHECK WHITE PLAGUE

London, Sept. 8.—Dr. C. Theodore Williams, consulting physician to the King Edward VII., sanatorium, Midhurst, and the hospital for consumption, Brompton, in an interesting and instructive lecture on the Infection of Consumption, reported in British Journal, said:

"There are few subjects more difficult to deal with than that of the contagion of consumption, and yet there are perhaps none which call for more judicious and temperate handling. It is our duty to do all we can to protect the relations, friends and attendants of the consumptive from danger, but at the same time we must not unnecessarily vex and harass him by cutting him off from all communication with his fellow beings and reducing him to the miserable condition of the leper of old.

"There are many young men and women in incipient stages of the disease who suffer but little from cough and have no expectoration. These carry out their occupations efficiently and at the same time, especially if they have been inmates of a hospital or sanitorium for some months, live a hygienic life in their own homes and are gradually advancing to the condition of arrest. They often have been discharged from a sanatorium as fit for work and are probably now not infectious, or, if they could carry infection, have been so carefully trained that danger is practically eliminated. If, however, alarm is raised in the offices or institutions where they are employed, it might result in loss of occupation to those capable and active workers and their transference to the ranks of the unemployed, which would mean starvation to them. This is a very cruel proceeding, if unnecessary.

"I would shortly quote Wilson Fox's concise analysis of the evidence on this point and some of his sensible remarks:

"A. One phthisical man married several times, most of his wives becoming phthisical—13 cases.

"B. Consumptive man, who died, transmitted to wife, widow infected second huband—3 cases.

"C. Man infected wife and died. Widow remarried and also died of phthisis, as did her second husband after he had remarried. His widow lived and also married again, and her next husband died of phthisis.

"D. Woman married in succession two phthisical husbands and became phthisical after the death of the last—2 cases.

"E. Wife, consumptive, died, having infected her husband, who later infected a second wife—10 cases.

"F. Consumptive wife before dying infected her husband, who later infected a second wife. This widow afterwards infected a second husband—1 case.

"G. Woman died of consumption. The widower, not stated to be phthisical, married subsequently three other wives—total, four wives, of whom the first, second and third died of phthisis, but the fourth wife, and apparently the husband, remained free from the disease.

"In one out of three cases where consumptives married three wives, one wife survived, and out of nine cases where consumptive husbands married twice, the wife survived in three instances, giving a total of 13 husbands to 31 wives, of whom 27 died and four lived in apparently good health. It would appear that the infecting husbands were often in an early stage of the disease when infection took place, and some survived their wives by many years.

"Concerning the sources of infection, ingestion of tuberculous material by the intestines is the commonest, inhalation by the air passages comparatively rare, except that which occurs in the upper air passages, affecting the lungs through the lymphatics. Infection through wounds of the skin and mucous membrane is not common, but occurs among those who handle sputum and other tuberculous material where proper precautions are omitted.

"Finally, all infection from consumptive patients can be avoided if the well recognized precautionary measures are adopted and carried out thoroughly."

The Wild Geese

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN

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CHAPTER XXI—(Continued.)

The craving was so strong upon him that he took them without answering her or thanking her. He turned his back on her, as if he dared not let her see the desire in his face; and standing thus, he drew the stopper from the bottle of milk and drank. He would fain have held the bottle to his lips until he had drained the last drop, but he controlled himself, and when he had swallowed a few mouthfuls, he removed it. Then he broke off three or four small fragments of the bread, and ate them one by one and slowly—the first with difficulty; the second more easily, the third with an avidity which he checked only by a firm effort of the will. "Presently!" he told himself. "There is plenty, there is plenty." Yet he allowed himself two more mouthsfuls of bread and another sip of milk—milk that was nectar, rather than any earthly drink.

At length, with new life running in his veins, and with a pure thankfulness that she had proven herself very womanly at the last, he laid his treasures on the chair, and turned to her. She was gone.

While he had eaten and drunk he had felt her presence at his back, and once he was sure that he had heard her sob. But she was gone. He staggered—for he was not yet steady on his feet—to the window, and looked to right and left.

She had not gone far. She was lying prone on the sward, her face hidden on her arms; and it was true that he had heard her sob, for she was weeping, weeping without restraint. The change in him, to say nothing of his reproaches had done something more than shock her. The scales of prejudice which had dimmed her sight fell from her eyes, and for the first time she saw him as he was. For the first time she perceived that, in pursuing the path he had followed, he might have thought himself right. Parts of the passionate rebuke which suffering and indignation had forced from him remained branded upon her memory; and she wept in shame, feeling her helplessness, her ignorance, feeling that she had no longer any sure support or prop. How could she trust those, who, taking advantage at once of her wounded vanity and her affection for her lover, had drawn her into this hideous, this cruel business?

The sense of her loneliness, the knowledge that those about her used her for their own ends—and these the most unworthy—overwhelmed her.

When the first passion of self-reproach had spent itself she heard him calling her by name, and in a voice that stirred her heartstrings. She rose, first to her knees and then to her feet, and averting her face. "I will open the door," she said, humbly and in a broken voice. "I have brought the key."

He did not answer, and she did not unlock. For as, still keeping her face averted that he might not see her tears, she turned the corner of the tower to gain the door, her brother's head and shoulders rose above the level of the platform. As The McMurrough stepped on to the latter from the path he was in time to see her skirt vanishing. He saw no more. But his suspicions were aroused. He strode across the face of the tower, turned the corner and came on her in the act of putting the key in the lock.

"What are you doing?" he cried, in a terrible voice. "Are you mad?"

She did not answer, nor neither did he pause for her answer. The imminence of the peril, the thought that the man whom he had so deeply wronged might in another minute be free to avenge himself and punish his foes rose up before him, and he thrust her rudely from the door. The key, not yet turned, came away in her hand, and he tried to snatch it from her.

"Give it to me!" he cried. "Do you hear? Give it to me!"

"I will not!" she cried. "No!"

"Give it up, I say!" he retorted. And this time he made good his hold on her wrist. He tried to force the key from her. "Let it go!" he panted, "or I shall hurt you!"

But he made a great mistake if he thought he could coerce Flavia in that way. Her fingers only closed more tightly on the key. "Never!" she cried, struggling with him. "Never! I am going to let him out!"

"You coward!" a voice cried through the door. "Coward! Coward!" There was a sound of drumming on the door.

But Colonel John's voice and his blows were powerless to help, as James, in a frenzy of rage and alarm, gripped the girl's wrist and twisted it. "Let it go! Let it go, you fool!" he cried, brutally, "or I will break your arm!"

Her face turned white with pain, but for a moment she endured in silence. Then a shriek escaped her.

It was answered instantly. Neither he nor she had had eyes for aught but one another, and the hand that fell, and fell heavily, on James' shoulder was as unexpected as a thunderbolt.

"By heaven, man," a voice cried in his ear. "Are you mad? Or is this the way you treat women in Kerry? Let that lady go! Let her go, I say!"

The command was needless, for at the first sound of the voice James had fallen back with a curse, and Flavia, grasping her bruised wrist with her other hand, reeled for support against the Tower wall. For a moment no one spoke. Then James, with scarcely a look at Payton—for he it was—bade her come away with him. "If you are not mad," he growled, "you'll have a care! You'll have a care, and come away, girl!"

"When I have let him out, I will," she answered, her eyes glowing sombrely as she nursed her wrist. In her, too, the old Adam had been raised.

"Give me the key!" he said for the last time.

"I will not," she said.

The McMurrough turned his rage upon the intruder. "Deuce take you, what business will it be of yours?" he cried. "Who are you to come between us, eh?"

Payton bowed. "If I offend," he said, airily, "I am entirely at your service." He tapped the hilt of his sword. "You do not wear one, but I have no doubt you can use one. I shall be happy to give you satisfaction where and when you please. A time and place—"

But James did not stop to hear him out. He turned with an oath and a snarl and went off—went off in such a manner that Flavia could not but see that the challenge was not to his taste. At another time she would have blushed for him. But his brutal violence had done more during the last ten minutes to depose his image from her heart than years of neglect and rudeness.

Payton saw him go, and, blessing the good fortune which had put him in a position to command the beauty's thanks, he turned to receive them. But Flavia was not looking at him, was not thinking of him. She had put the key in the lock and was trying to turn it. Her left wrist, however, was too weak, and the right was so strained as to be useless. She signed to him to turn the key, and he did so, and threw open the door, wondering much what it was all about.

He did not at once recognize the man who, pale and haggard, a mere ghost of himself, dragged himself up the three steps, and, exhaused by the effort, leaned against the doorpost. But when Colonel John spoke and tried to thank the girl, he knew him.

He whistled. "You are Colonel Sullivan!" he said.

"The same, sir!" Colonel John murmured mechanically.

"Are you ill?"

"I am not well," the other replied, with a sickly smile. The indignation which he had felt during the contest between the girl and her brother had been to much for his strength. "I shall be better presently," he added. He closed his eyes.

"We should be getting him below," Flavia said in an undertone.

Payton looked from one to the other. He was in a fog. "Has he been here long?" he asked.

"Nearly four days," she replied, with a shiver.

"And nothing to eat?"

"Nothing."

"The duce! And why?"

She did not stay to think how much it was wise to tell him. In her repentant mood she was anxious to pour herself out in self-reproach. "We wanted him to convey some property," she said, "as we wished."

"To your brother?"

"Aye, to him!" Then, seeing his astonishment. "It was mine," she added.

Payton began to understand. He looked at her; but no, he did not understand now. For if the idea had been to constrain Colonel Sullivan to transfer her property to her brother, how did her interest match with that? He could only suppose that her brother had coerced her, and that she had given him the slip and tried to release the man—with the result he had witnessed.

One thing was clear. The property, large or small, was still hers. The Major looked with a thoughtful face at the smiling valley, with its cabins scattered over the slopes, at the lake and the fishing boats, and the sheds and peat-stacks. He wondered.

No more was said at that moment, however, for Flavia saw that Colonel Sullivan's strength was not to be revived in an hour. He must be assisted to the house and cared for there. In the meantime, and to lend some strength, she was anxious to give him such wine and food as he could safely take. To procure these she entered the room in which he had been confined.

As she cast her eyes round its dismal interior, marked the poor handful of embers that told of his long struggle with the cold, marked the one chair which he had saved—for to lie on the floor had been death—marked the beaten path that led from the chair to the window, and spoke of many an hour of painful waiting and a hope deferred, she saw the man in another, a more gentle aspect. She had seen the heroism, she now saw the pathos of his conduct, and tears came afresh to her eyes. "For me!"

Honorable Army Career Ends

MAJOR-GEN. HENRY C. CORBIN

New York, Sept. 8.—Lieut. Gen. Henry C. Corbin died at the Roosevelt hospital in this city at 3:30 o'clock this morning after an operation. He returned from Europe only afew days ago after taking treatment at Carlsbad. His condition was improved by this treatment and he went to London in August, but suffered a relapse and went to Paris for further consultation with physicians. Upon their advice he returned to this country to submit to an operation.

General Corbin was one of the best known officers of the army. He was a native of Ohio and a close friend of President Taft and the late President McKinley. He was adjutant general during the war with Spain and later was on very bad terms with Lieut. Gen. Miles.

General Corbin's first military service was as a second lieutenant in the 83rd Ohio Volunteer infantry, he having enlisted July 28, 1862, and served throughout the war with the Army of the Cumberland, holding all grades from second lieutenant to colonel. He was breveted brigadier general of volunteers March 13, 1865. He entered the regular army May 11, 1866, as a second lieutenant of the 17th infantry, and was successively promoted until he reached the grade of lieutenant general, April 15, 1906, and retired September 15 of the same year. In recognition of "gallantry shown in the Spanish-American war," congress in June, 1900, conferred upon him the rank of major general. For eight years he served as adjutant general of the army.

General Corbin was in the company of President Garfield when the President was assassinated in 1881. He was a member of the Loyal Legion. On November 6, 1901, he married Miss Edith Agnes Patton, and maintained his residence in this city.

Major General William E. Horton and Major Julius A. Penn, of the Seventh infantry, who were General Corbin's aides during the last active service he performed, were summoned to New York by Mrs. Corbin to assist in the funeral arrangements.

General Corbin would have been 67 years old in a few days. He leaves three children by his first wife, Rutherford B., of this city; Mrs. Usher Parsons, of Ardsley-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., and Grace Corbin, living in Wilmington, O.

General Corbin's body will be taken to his home at Highwood, Chevy Chase, near Washington, this afternoon, and funeral arrangements will be made there. Burial will be in Arlington cemetery.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-five years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

she murmured. "For me! And how had I treated him!"

Her old grievance against him was forgotten, wiped out by remembrance by his sufferings. She dwelt only on the treatment she had meted out to him.

When they had given him to eat and drink he assured them, smiling, that he could walk. But when he attempted to do so he staggered. "He will need a stronger arm than yours," Payton said, with a grin. "May I offer mine?"

For the first time she looked at him gratefully. "Thank you," she said.

"I can walk," the Colonel repeated obstinately. "A little giddy, that is all." But in the end he needed all the help that both could give him. And so it happened that a few minutes later Luke Asgill, standing at the entrance to the courtyard, looked along the road, and saw the three approaching, linked in apparent amity.

The shock was great, for James McMurrough had fled, cursing, into solitude and the hills, taking no steps to warn his ally. The sight struck Asgill with the force of a bullet. Colonel John released, and in the company of Flavia and Payton! All his craft, all his coolness, forsook him. He slunk out of sight by a back way, but not before Payton had marked his retreat.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Scene in the Passage.

Under the shadow of the great peat-stack, whither he had retired that he might make up his mind before he faced the three, Asgill cursed The McMurrough with all his heart. It was, it must be, through his folly and management that the thing had befallen, that the prisoner had been released, that Payton had been let into the secret.

How was he to get rid of Payton? How prevent Colonel John from resuming that sway in the house which he had exercised before? How nip in the bud that unseen sympathy, that feeling for him, which Flavia's outbreak the night before had suggested? Or how, short of all this, was he to face either Payton or the Colonel?

In counsel with James McMurrough he might have arranged a plan of action; at least, he would have learned from him what Payton knew. But James' absence ruined all. In the end, after waiting some time in the vain hope that he would appear, Asgill went in to supper.

Colonel Sullivan was not there; he was in no condition to descend. Nor was Flavia; whereon Asgill reflected, with chagrin, that probably she was attending upon the invalid. Payton was at table, with the two O'Beirnes, and three other buckeens. The Englishman, amused by the discovery he had made, was openly disdainful of his companions, while the Irishmen, silent and suspicious, were not aware how much he knew. If The McMurrough chose to imprison his unpopular kinsman, it was nothing to them, nor a matter into which gentlemen eating at the same table and drinking his potheen and claret were called upon to peer too closely.

But for his repute as a duellist they would have picked a quarrel with the visitor there and then. And but for the presence of his four troopers in the background they might have fallen upon him in some less regular fashion. As it was they sat eyeing him askance; and without shame, were relieved when Asgill entered. They looked to him to clear up the situation and put the interloper in his right place.

"I'm fearing I'm late," Asgill said. "Where'll the McMurrough be, I wonder?"

"Gone to meet your friend," I should think," Payton replied, with a sneer.

Asgill maintained a steady face. "My friend?" he repeated. "Oh, Colonel Sullivan?"

"Yes, your friend who was to return today," the other retorted. "Have you heard anything of him?" he continued, with a grin.

Asgill fixed his eyes steadily on Payton's face. "I'm fancying you have the advantage of me," he said. "More by token. I'm thinking, major, you have seen that same friend already."

"Maybe I have."

"And had a bout with him?"

"Eh!"

"And, faith, had the best of the bout, too!" Asgill continued coolly and with his eyes fixed on the other's features as if his one aim was to see if he had hit the mark. "So much the best that I'll be chancing a guess he's upstairs at this moment, and wounded. Leastwise, I hear you and the young lady brought him to the house between you, and him scarcely able to use his ten toes."

Payton, with his mouth open, glared at the speaker in a manner that at another time must have provoked him to laughter.

"Isn't that the fact?" Asgill asked, coldly.

"The fact!" the other burst forth. "No; I'm cursed if it is. And you know it is not! You know as well as I do—". With that he poured forth a version of the events of the afternoon.

When he had done. "That's a strange story," Asgill said quietly, "if it's true."

"True?" Payton rejoined, laying his hand on a glass and speaking in a towering rage. "You know it's true!"

"I know nothing about it," Asgill replied with the utmost coolness.

"Nothing?"

"And for a good reason. Sure, I'm the last person they would be likely to tell it to."

"And you were not a party to it?" Payton cried.

"Why should I be?" Asgill rejoined. "What have I to gain by robbing the young lady of her inheritance? I'd be more likely to lose by it than gain."

"Lose by it? Why?"

"That is my affair," Asgill answered. And he hummed—

"They tried put the comether on Judy McLean,
One, two, three, one, two, three;
Cotter and crowder and Paddy O'Hea;
For who but she's owner of Ballymashane.'"

He made his meaning so clear that Payton, scowling at him with his hand on a glass as if he meant to throw it, dropped his eyes and his hand, and fell into a gloomy study. He could not but own the weight of the other's argument. If Asgill was a pretender to the heiress' hand his last thought in his mind would be to divest her of her property.

Asgill read his thoughts, and presently:—"I hope the wound is not serious!" he said.

"He is not wounded," the Major answered curtly. Meanwhile the O'Beirnes and their fellows grinned their admiration of the bear tamer, and went out one by one, until the two men were left together.

They sat some ways apart, Payton brooding savagely, with his eyes on the table. Asgill toying with the things before him. Each saw the page clear before him; each saw the other in the way. Payton cared for the girl herself only as a toy that had caught his fancy; but his mouth watered for her possession. Asgill cared little or nothing for the inheritance, but he swore that the other man should never live to possess the woman. "It is a pity," Payton meditated, "for with his aid, I could take the girl, willing or unwilling. She's not the first Irish girl who has gone to her marriage across the pommel.' While Asgill reflected that if he could find Payton alone on a dark night it would not be his small sword would help him, nor his four troopers would find him. But it must not be at Morristown.

Each owned, with reluctance, that the other had avantages. Asgill was Irish, and known to Flavia; but Payton, though English, was the younger, the handsomer, the better born, and he flattered himself that, given a little time, he would win, if not by favor, by force or fraud. But, could he have looked into Asgill's heart he would have trembled. He would have known that, while Irish bogs were deep and Irish pikes were sharp, his life would not be worth one week's purchase if he wronged this girl.

And Asgill suspected the other; and he shook with rage at the thought that Payton might offer the girl some rudeness. When Payton rose to go, he rose also; and when, by chance, Payton sat down, he sat down also. At once the Englishman understood, and thenceforth they sat with frowning faces, each more certain, with every moment, that, the other removed, his path to the goal was clear and open.

There was claret on the table, and the major did not spare it. When he rose to his feet to retire he was heated and flushed, but not drunk. "Where's that young cub?" he asked.

Asgill shrugged his shoulders. "I can't hope to fill his place," he said with a smooth smile. "But I will be doing the honors as well as I can."

"You are very officious, it seems to me," Payton growled. And then, more loudly, "I am going to bed," he said.

"In his absence," Asgill answered, with mock politeness, "I will have the honor of lighting you."

"You needn't trouble."

"Faith, and it's no trouble at all," Asgill replied in the same tone. And, taking two of the candles from the table, he preceded the Englishman up the stairs.

The gradual assent of the lights and the men's footsteps should have given Flavia warning of their coming. But either she disdained concealment or she was thinking of other things, for when they entered the passage beyond the landing they espied the girl standing outside the colonel's door. A pang shot through Asgill's heart and he drew in his breath.

She raised her hand. "Ah," she said, "he has been crying out! But I think it was in his sleep. Will you be making as little noise as you can?"

Asgill did not answer, but Payton did. "Happy man!" he said. And, being in his cups he said it in such a tone and with such a look that a deep blush crimsoned the girl's face.

Her eyes snapped. "Good night," she said, coldly.

Asgill continued to keep silence, but Payton did not take the hint. "Wish I'd such a guardian!" he said with a chuckle. "I'd be a happy man then!"

Asgill's face was dark with passion, but "Good night!" Flavia repeated coldly. And this time the displeasure in her tone silenced the major. The two men went on to their rooms, though Asgill's hands itched to be at the other's throat. A moment later two doors closed sharply.

Flavia remained in the darkness of the passage, but she no longer listened—she thought. Presently she went back to her room.

There she continued to stand and to think. And the blush which the major's insinuation had brought to her cheek still burned there. It was natural that Payton's words should direct her thoughts to the man outside whose door he had found her; nor less natural that she should institute a comparison between the two, should consider how the one had treated her, when he had held her struggling in his arms, when in despair she had beaten his face with her hands, and how the other had treated her in the few hours he had known her! Thus comparing she could not but find in the one a nobility, in the other a—a dreadfulness. Looking back and having Payton's words and manner fresh in her mind, she had to own that, in all his treatment of her, Colonel Sullivan, while opposing and thwarting her, had still, and always, respected her.

Strange to say, she could not now understand that rage against him which had before carried her to such lengths. How had he wronged her? She could find no sufficing answer. A curtain had fallen between the past and the present. The rising? It stood on a sudden very distant, very dim, a thing of the past, an enterprise romantic, but hopeless. The contemptuous words in which he had denounced it rang again in her ears, but they no longer kindled her resentment; they convinced. As one recovering from sickness looks back in the delusions of fever, Flavia reviewed the hopes and aspirations of the past month. She saw now it was not with a handful of cotters and peasants that Ireland could be saved or the true faith restored.

She was still standing a pace within her door when a foot stumbled heavily on the stairs. She recognized it for James' footstep—she had heard him stumble on those stairs before—and she laid her hand on the latch. She had never had a real quarrel with him until now, and, outrageously as he had treated her, she could not bear to sleep without making an attempt to heal the breach. She opened the door and stepped out.

(To Be Continued.)

THE RAILROADS HIRING MEN

The railroads need trained men; hundreds of good positions are now open. The National Railway Training Association, Kansas City, Mo., will furnish full information, also separate particulars by mail which prepares men to fill responsible positions paying $60 to $150 a month. See advertisement page seven.

A Servant on the Servant Problem.

The September American Magazine contains an article by a nurse maid who writes about her calling as follows:

"Why don't more young women enter domestic service? The reason usually given is that it is inferior employment. How does it in mind regard her work? I desire to present this side of the subject, and I shall do it as impartially as I can.

"The fundamental cause of the unsatisfactory conditions existing lies in the extremely intimate relations between employer and employed. The maid in the solitude of her work thinks and broods over her employer's faults until they become magnified. Even kindnesses are slighted as being less than her due. The maid works from morning until night that others may live in ease and pleasure. She sees people hourly doing things she would like to do. There is much complaint among employers that girls cannot be trusted. Untrustworthiness does not lie wholly with the maid.

"Maids have given instance after instance of employers listening at their doors, and of long-delayed payment of wages and unsatisfactory settling on leaving a place. The untrustworthiness seems to be mutually felt; often without doubt most unjustly so.

"There are many arguments in favor of domestic service. There is one chief one I have learned from those girls who have been my friends—a home appeals to a woman; factories and shops do not. Given their absolute choice of the kind of work they would do, many would choose some branch of domestic work. Moreover the woman going into domestic service makes better pay, her financial gain is greater. Domestic service is also more healthful. The sanitary conditions are better, the work in itself is not so nervous nor under such crowded conditions; there is not such monotony of work or motion.

"People employing servants do not respect them as equals, although often this lack is most unconscious. Employers say, 'I never scold my servants,' and in that very remark is a sure sign of lack of respect. By what right could they scold their servants? If the maid does not do her work satisfactorily, tell her so; there is no possible objection to that; but why scold? A grown person cannot submit to a scolding without loss of self-respect.

"Except the usual afternoon out and the Sunday or every other Sunday afternoon and evening, the maid is at the call of her employers. She may be graciously permitted other times, but it is a gift, a something for which she asks, not something that is hers of right. Every person should have some time of each day which is absolutely his own, even if he is so tired that he can do nothing but go to bed."

The number of cows in Denmark in 1903 was 1,066,698, of which somewhat less than 900,000 were on farms delivering milk to the co-operative dairies. In the Trifollum dairy power separators are used. The machinery is almost invariably supplied with steam-driven centrifugal machines, and has one or more separators and pasteurizers, according to the amount of milk dealt with.

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acts gently yet promptly on the bowels; cleanses the system effectually; assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine.

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Stop off there

On Your Trip Southwest

If you are going Southwest on the excursion Sept. 21st it will pay you to stop off at Stuttgart and Weiner, Ark. and

See Them Harvest the Big 1909 Rice Crop

You will be just in time, and you might as well go that way as not—it won't cost you any more, and you will see a sight that will look mighty good to a farmer's eyes.

You will see men who never grew rice before in their lives, making crops that will pay them $60 to $70 per acre clear profit. Perhaps you've been on the wrong road growing wheat, corn and oats. It will be worth your while to stop off at Stuttgart and see. Tell the agent who sells you a ticket that you want to go by the Cotton Belt Route through Weiner and Stuttgart.

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Write at once for a copy of our book "Arkansas Rice." You will find it mighty interesting and profitable reading.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL

RELIGION BRANCHING OUT

International Sunday School Lesson for September 19 Is a Quarterly Review—Acts 15:21.

By William T. Ellis.

"Religion is a commodity the peculiar nature of which is that the more we expect the more we have," quaintly declared a Massachusetts minister when the organization of the American board was objected to by a man who thought that the churches should look out first for the heathen at home. That saying was illustrated by the history of the Apostolic church, which we now pass in review, and, in a lesser but somewhat analogous degree, by the situation in this western world today.

An exported gospel means an expanded life. The very act of giving enlarges. The widened horizon and increased power are not the only concomitants of missionary effort. The very vitality of Christianity at home is being quickened by the new stress that is being put upon its broader, faster proclamation at the ends of the earth. The Laymen's Missionary Movement was quickly followed by the formation in the United States by the Council of Home Missions; and in both Canada and the states the patriotism of the men interested in the Laymen's Movement has been manifestly intensified.

May we not again see something akin to the experience of the first century, when the church's entire conception of her mission underwent a transformation because of her mission work. She entered upon that as a sort of Christianized Judaism; she speedily found that her true character was to be that of a universal body, wherein Jew and Gentile, Roman and barbarian, bond and free, were all one in Christ Jesus. It is incredible that the present-day increase of native Christians in mission lands, with such marvelous seals of divine approval upon them as the Korean and Indian and Chinese revivals, and with their growing tendency to organize into self-supporting, self-governing and self-propagating bodies, should not greatly affect the character and thinking of the church universal.

Fighting Pioneers.

A doughty little Jew, trained as a scholar, and yet called to a life of active affairs, is the center of the Sunday school lessons studied for three months past, the main theme of which has been his second and third missionary journeys. A fascinating figure is Paul, one of the most distinct and potent personalities of all history. Wrapped up in his shabby cloak was a character which meant more to Europe than did Alexander or any of the Caesars. For the great deed God prepares the great man. No instrument less than Paul could have serve for this tremendous bursting of Jewish bonds by the early church, and the accompanying invasion of the citadel of paganism.

The supremacy of Paul was not recognized then as now; it takes time to reveal greatness. So his imperial decrees did not work out without opposition. He had to do even more fighting than falls to the lot of the average pioneer. It was not as a bookish monk, but as a man in a world of men that this great apostle did his work, fighting for every step of progress he made.

Consider some of the outstanding conflicts which have come up in the studies of recent weeks. There was that dramatic fracas with the evil spirits in the fortune-telling damsel, and her masters, who represented the inevitable conflict of vested interests with free truth. Then there were the seven sons of Scava, soothsayers, who were overcome in a way that set the community at gaze. The great battle with Demetrius and the Ephesian silversmiths, supported by a throaty mob, is a classic of literature. The philosophic struggle with the wise men of Athens was in contrast with the victory over the Ephesan magicians and the subsequent bonfire, but it was all of a piece with the general war in which Paul was a leader. The mad unreason of the Jewish hatred into which he was met all along the way, might almost be characterized as a constant factor in the apostle's work. The lesson is that all Christian pioneering means opposition, and the modern missionary crusade has no more right to expect freedom from danger and difficulties than had the early propaganda of Paul and his friends. There will be martyrdoms and riots and lawsuits and international complications before the church's mission work is done.

The Other Check.

An intimate study of public men will show that most of them have their pet aversions and enmities. These conflicts show up in sharp relief, both in the history that is written in books and in that which is being written in the newspapers. Remarkably enough, Paul seemed to have none of this. Not that he was flabby or forceless. The manner in which he made the Philippian officials who had beaten him and Silas without cause come to their knees revealed the spirit of the man. So, likewise, his refusal to take Mark along on the second missionary journey.

But he cherished no animosities, held no grudges. He was great enough for forgiveness. The jailer who had held him prisoner he could save and serve, and Mark he could later receive as a cherished friend. This buffeted and persecuted apostle grew mellower and more loving to the end of his days, because he would not make room in his heart for hate. Like his Master, he turned the other cheek.

More sublime magnanimity than Paul displayed toward his own countrymen cannot be found, except in the example of his Master. The Jews hated and hounded this Christianized disciple of Gamaliel. Again and again they sought his life. They piled up persecution, so that stripes and stonings and imprisonments were his frequent portion. Withal he loved them. At every new city, he turned first to his own countrymen. To the last his cry was, "My heart's desire and my supplication to God is for them, that they may be saved."

The Word That Makes New.

That person reads the day's newspaper in vain who does not perceive that these experiences of Paul have a direct bearing upon the present tendency of thought, which is toward a vague and nebulous naturalism and liberalism in religion, with no need for a divine Redeemer. The one essential work that this little band of missionaries were doing was the preaching of a gospel that changed men's lives. They held the word which made character new. All the tumult that dogged their steps was due to the disciple-creating power of their testimony. Their Good News, accepted, turned men from necromancy and from idolatry. It hurt some "big business," but it helped men and women.

That is the great apologetic for Christianity. Its power to produce saints is the supreme Christian evidence. There is no answering that argument. One convert made over into holiness of life confounds all the rationalism of a blind scholasticism. Some of us see in the triumphs of the cross on mission lands today a new infusion of vitality and confidence for the church at home. The exported gospel is returning, to save those who sent it out.

Culture and Religion.

A big question in modern Japan, and in many other places besides, is whether the educated man needs a religion. Is not culture enough? And, even in granting the necessity for a religion, should it be one which makes so much of sin and a cross and a heart at peace? Paul faced that condition in cultivated Athens, where "liberal" ideas were all the rage, so that men, in their eagerness to show intellectual and spiritual hospitality to all beliefs, erected an altar "to the unknown God." Undoubtedly it is harder to convert an educated man than an untutored one; yet Athens needed the gospel as sorely as Corinth or Ephesus.

The sufficiency of Christ for all classes was Paul's great platform. He had Good News for the slave-girl fortune teller, for the rough Philippian jailer, and for the rabble; and it was only the same Good News that won Crispus, the ruler of the Corinthian synagogue, and Dionysius, the learned Areopagite and Apollos, the polished Alexandrian orator.

A Hero's Reward.

Back of all adventure, back of all controversy, back of all travel and teaching and suffering, there looms in grandeur the figure of the human Paul. The man overtops the word and the deed. In all these various experiences he was winning to himself the allegiance of devoted friends, and lavishly pouring out his soul's richest treasure of affection. We do not have to look long at him before we see that this man lived a royal life. For him existence was never tame or stale or profitless.

So the truth emerges that life's sweetest satisfactions are to be found in the pursuit of great and selfish goals. Paul was at no point to be pitied, but ever to be envied, for he was doing a man's work nobly—nay, he was doing God's work divinely. He found life supremely worth living because he merged his life and his labors into his Master's, crying, "For to me to live is Christ."

RHEUMATISM

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The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some of the readers of The Blade kindly tell me how Pennsylvania scrapple is made? Kindly give the exact process.—B., Henderson, Mo.

Will some one give me information on how to preserve a new harness?—S., Forestville, N. Y.

I would like to have some reader of these columns tell me how to rid my farm of quack grass. This plant was brought from some eastern state by accident. This grass forms a very tough sod which spreads by root growth and which no ordinary cultivation affects in any way. It is becoming the despair of farmers in this county.—D., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Can some reader tell me a simple way to test water for impurities, and also give a process to take lime from water which is too hard to drink?—H., Canaseraga, N. Y.

STOMACH WORMS

B., Pulaski, Ind.: Your lambs have stomach worms from the description you have given. Give them one-half teaspoonful of gasoline, and feed them all the tobacco they will eat. In giving them the latter mix four parts tobacco with one part salt.—D., Mechanicsburg, O.

TO KEEP CELERY IN WINTER

R., McArthur, O.: To keep celery for the winter first take an old shoe box or a box similar to it and put in about three inches of soil. Arrange the soil in a trench whose sides angle about 45 degrees. The celery is then removed from the ground with as much soil as will cling to the roots and is placed in the box. The celery is placed in alternate layers with earth. The roots should be dampened at least once a month. This method of keeping celery will also bleach it.—T., Grand Naven, Mich.

CACTUS FOR FEED

For many years it has been known that the prickly pear, or spicy cactus, was a good feed for cattle and other live stock in arid regions when other feed gave out. But the objection to the cactus is that the spines are so numerous and sharp that live stock cannot eat them with the spines left on. A spineless cactus has been developed, but it will not thrive on large areas of the desert regions, hence it is practically useless for the purpose for which it was intended.

The spicy cactus grows in wide areas of the arid regions in abundance simply because it can hold its own on account of its thorny defense. These cacti can be used for live stock feed and are excellent in times of drought because of their high water content. But to prepare them for feeding the spines must be removed, which is done by burning. Two methods are in use. One is to hold the cacti over a brush fire till the spines are singed off and the other is to do the singeing with a gasoline torch, such as tinsmiths and plumbers use.

This is a slow way of preparing feed for a large number of animals, yet it is an effective way of keeping them alive when water and grass fall in the desert regions of the west.

SORTING AND GRADING FRUIT

It is one thing to grow good fruit and another thing to sell it at a good price, says the Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean. It will pay any fruit grower well to sort and grade his fruit before offering it for sale. The pure food idea is growing fast in popularity. People not only want to know what they are eating, but whether the thing is the best of its kind. People will pay good money for appearance of foods, for appearance is an indication of cleanliness and wholesomeness.

In offering fruit for sale it should be carefully graded and sorted, both as to size and quality. Large fruit mixed with small fruit makes the small fruit appear smaller than it really is. A few bad apples make the whole box of apples look bad.

Both village and city markets are demanding graded fruits. Some dealers will accept mixed lots, but usually at about one-half the price they are willing to pay for carefully selected and graded stock. Of course, there are some consumers who either cannot afford or are not willing to pay high prices for any kind of fruit, hence there is always a market demand for cheap stuff. But in all cases the poor and close moneyed people are always willing to pay a little more for fancy fruit. The well-to-do class and those who live well are always willing to pay fancy prices for high grade, closely sorted fruit put up in neat and enticing packages.

Fruit offered for sale should not only be carefully sorted as to size and quality—one size only being placed in a package, but the fruit must be absolutely clean and arranged in the package so as to show up to the best advantage. The crate should be new and clean and a simple covering or lining of tissue paper will not only make the goods look cleaner and fresher, but will enhance their coloring and make them look tempting. Such goods never go begging.

The small fruit package is fast gaining in favor. It presents several points for commendation. It is light and easy to handle, it can be displayed to better advantage in the show window, fruit will keep better in it, and the consumer will often buy a small package when means would not allow of the purchase of a large one. In former times apples were put up in barrels only. Now the bushel box is very common, and the half bushel box and small crate are in general use in many places. The latest is the small box or crate for holding one dozen strictly first class fancy apples. These fancy one dozen apple boxes are selling for as high as $1.25 each, which proves the statement that it pays to sort and grade fruit.

For special occasions, as weddings and banquets, nothing but the very finest obtainable fruit is used, and the price is never questioned if the goods are right. Fruit graded and packed to show up at the best will always catch the eye of the buyer. That which looks good to him is that for which he pays his money.

MILCH GOATS

For centuries the milch goat has been used in the old world countries, its milk being a staple article of food in many places. In Switzerland the little animal has been used for a very long time, and has been bred to the production of high grade milk for domestic use, both in that state and for making a famous brand of Swiss cheese.

It is only recently that the milch goat has been recognized in the United States as an animal of much domestic importance. They give only a moderate amount of milk, but the milk is an ideal human food, especially for infants and invalids. The value of the milk is recognized to such an extent that hospitals are willing to pay $1 a gallon for it, and yet cannot secure an adequate supply. The milk is also used for making high priced milk chocolate candy and a large amount of it would be consumed for this purpose if the product could be obtained in regular shipments.

There are not many milch goats in the United States at present, and growers seem to be unable to secure sufficient breeding stock from foreign countries. The few who are breeding and growing them for sale are keeping all the stock to increase their own flocks. The does breed once a year, giving birth to two and three kids at a time, yet many of the females, under changed conditions, or other reasons, fail to breed, hence the number in this country is increasing very slowly.

One solution offered for increasing the number of milch goats in this country is to secure pure bred males and grade them up with common goats. With proper handling, this would in a few years give us a grade of animals practically pure and perfectly adapted to our soil and climate conditions. If this breeding up process can be accomplished, it will be a new and profitable industry, with absolutely no competition for many years to come, because goat milk is distinctly in a class by itself.

The milch goat, like all goats, can make a living on brushy and hilly land where most other animals would starve. They are very beneficial to land in clearing of weeds, sprouts and brush. They cannot endure low, wet land, but thrive perfectly on rough, hilly land. Those giving milk should be fed on good grass, hay, fodder and wheat bran, but no grain of any kind. The cost of maintaining a goat in milk is about 5 cents a day, and she will give from one to two quarts of milk a day.

POULTRY HOUSE DISINFECTANT

A recent bulletin from the department of agriculture gives some practical facts on disinfecting the poultry house.

There can be no doubt that one absolutely necessary supply about every well-conducted poultry plant must be some sort of disinfecting solution. Furthermore, such a disinfectant ought to fulfill satisfactorily several requirements. In the first place, it must be inexpensive. Further, it must be powerful and certain in its action even in dilute solutions. Finally it must be of such a character as not to injure the birds if it, by accident or design, comes in contact with them. There are a great many commercial disinfectants on the market. Some of the most successful and widely used of these have either a phenol (carbolic acid) or a cresol base. Many of these preparations are excellent and their excellence is attended by their very wide popularity among poultrymen. There is one objection, however, to all of them; that is, that they are relatively expensive. The farmer or poultryman who uses them pays a good round price for the manufacture of something which he could manufacture himself, the only cost in that event being the cost for the raw materials.

Cresol is an excellent substance for poultry-house disinfection. It is one of the most powerful germicides and disinfectants known. In addition to the germicidal value of a cresol solution it has a very considerable value as a poultry insecticide. It has even been used with satisfactory results to rid hens of lice by direct spraying of the birds. A very small application in spray has been found to rid a bird of lice without harmful effect to the bird itself. Applied as a spray, it is very effective in ridding the houses, etc., of lice.

Cresol may be stirred up directly with water and used as a spray. Since it is only slightly soluble in water it is better to make use of the "compound solution of cresol" (liquor cresolic compositus) of the United States Pharmacopeia.

Three or four tablespoonfuls of the cresol soap to each gallon of water will make a satisfactory solution. This solution may be applied through any kind of spray pump or with a brush. Being a clear watery fluid, it can be used in any spray pump without difficulty. Poultry-fitting brooders or incubators which there is reason to believe have been particularly liable to infection with the germs of white diarrhea or other diseases the cresol may be used in double the strength given above and applied with a scrub brush in addition to the spray.

FEEDING WITH BIT IN MOUTH

The question of feeding horses with bits in their mouths has caused much discussion of late, and the people, through the medium of the humane society, have been trying to prevent what seems to be an almost universal practice with teamsters and small express drivers, who do not have time to send their horses to the stable for their noontime feeding.

Like so many questions dealing with humane treatment of animals, this subject has been taken up and explained on all sides without due consideration of its merits. Drivers who feed their animals without removing their bits from their mouths have been denounced, some of the people who have done the denouncing have gotten into trouble with the drivers, and a general state of turmoil in a small way has been stirred up over something that even experts are not prepared to say positively is or is not humane.

Superintendent Holmes, of the St. Louis Humane society, says that he considers the crusade against feeding with bits a good movement, though not absolutely a necessary one, but he is not prepared to say that it is a cruelty to a horse to force him to eat with a bit in his mouth. "The arrangement of a horse's teeth," said he, "seems to be especially planned for a bit. There is a large space between the row of front and side teeth and the two back teeth on each side of the lower jaw, and the bit naturally rests in this space and in no way interferes with the horse's ability to chew his food. It may be uncomfortable for him, and he may not enjoy his meal as much as when he eats in the natural way with his mouth and tongue entirely free, but I hardly think it gives him pain. I always remonstrate in a friendly way with the driver I see allowing his horses to eat without removing the bit, for I believe in giving the horses a chance to enjoy the noonday rest and feed after a hard morning's work, and to make others see it as I do, but I don't do it in the way I would if I found him working a lame horse or beating his horse cruelly. I don't consider it a matter of such great importance. The one is a case of discomfort and the other a case of absolute cruelty, but I wouldn't browbeat the man in either case. I would try to show him the mistake he is making, and if I found he would not listen to reason then I should try force. It is very much harder for a horse to drink with a bit in his mouth than it is to eat with one, and yet nobody has ever thought of that."

CORN AND PORK

The farmer who will soon have a number of spring pigs ready for the fattening pens should devote a little time to the study of feeds and their influences on the quality of meat produced. When it is desired to produce pork, or rather fat, one kind of feed is necessary. When the desire is to have lard hogs for the market, no other kind of feed should be used.

As we have said many times before, corn is pre-eminently a fat-forming feed, and when the feeder wishes to produce an animal with a great deal of fat to supply the lard trade nothing is better than corn. When the desire is to produce animals for meat alone nothing can be a poorer feed than corn.

During the next four months the bulk of the hogs sold from the farm will be fattened. The influence of corn on the percentage of fat should be borne in mind and the ration mixed to accomplish the best results.

HILLSIDE GULLEY

The greatest of all waste in this country is that from soil washing away and being permanently lost in streams, lakes and the sea. The total amount washed away in a year from all our farms is almost incalculable. Even one rain in a single day will carry off tons from a few acres, says the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

A great part of this soil erosion is needless, and is the direct consequence of plowing up and cultivating sloping hillsides. When the soil is broken by the plow and the roots of the plants killed which bound it together there is nothing to hold it in place, and the first heavy rain carries it to lower levels and finally into the streams to be lost.

When soil washes away, the best, the very cream of the soil, is taken, which leaves the land poor, indeed. Not only so, but the hillside is often washed into gullies of such magnitude as to make cultivation of the land difficult, even were it worth cultivating after a few years' washings. In many places these gullies are deep enough to hide a horse.

A great amount of money is expended annually for keeping navigable rivers clean and for deepening their channels. At the same time farmers are allowing their richest soils to wash away into the rivers. This is a heavy loss both to the farmers and to those who use the rivers for transportation purposes, and in this the farmer is indirectly interested, hence he is a loser on two sides.

There are some advantages in hilly land and hill farming. The hills afford good air and water drainage, making the hills comfortable and sanitary for residences, and the land always comparatively easy for working. The crops are never destroyed by overflows and farm operations can go on on uplands when they are at a standstill on low lands. The hills are healthful pastures for sheep and live stock in general, and fruit and forest trees thrive as well or better than on level land. Hence hills on the whole are more ideal for cultivation and for general farming purposes than any other kind if the top, rich soil could be held against the erosive action of rains.

There are several good ways of preventing sloping land from eroding. Probably one of the most economical of these on the diversified farm is that of keeping the slopes in grass for pasture or hay, since the roots of the grasses so firmly bind the soil particle together that practically none of it can get away, with any rain, either in the summer or in the winter. The water from rains running off from the meadow or pasture is clear when it reaches the brook and carries no soil substances in suspension, and very little in solution.

Pastures on hilly land may remain permanently and increase their value from year to year with proper handling with result that no soil will be lost during the time that the pasture remains. Meadows must be renewed from time to time, but in renewing and breaking the meadow sod for rotation crops the plowing may be done at seasons of least erosion, and the off crop be so cultivated as to cause the least damage. A good way is to break the meadow sod in alternate strips with the slope of the hill so that any erosion from the cultivated strips are then sown to grass and the other alternate strips broken and planted to a cultivated crop. In this way all of the eroded soil will be caught and held on the plowed meadow strips and none will be permanently lost.

LEAF MOLD

True leaf mold is the decayed vegetable product on the forest floor formed by the decay of leaves, twigs and other parts of forest trees. Rotten logs have practically the same composition. Leaf mold as a fertilizer is in its power to lighten and sweeten the soil when mixed with it. It also furnishes some actual plant foods. It is good to mix with heavy soils to lighten them and make them more receptive and retentive of moisture, and at the same time keep them light and porous for the admission of air to the roots of the growing plants. Many plants do not thrive in heavy and tenacious soils, and the mixing of leaf mold with such soils so improves their physical and chemical properties that almost any plants will thrive in them.

Leaf mold is secured by scraping up the top soil in the forest where leaves and other forest vegetation have decayed for many years. In regions where there are no forests or where no leaf mold forms on the forest floor, a good substitute can be made by securing sods from the meadow and piling them up with sharp sand to rot. Rotted cow manure and sand will do almost as well, but whatever preparations are used the organic matter must become well decayed and whole well mixed to form a uniform mass. The function of the sand is to make the composition light and porous for good drainage, admission of air and for keeping the soil sweet.

GRAIN SMUTS

A dangerous parasite of many of the cereal plants is the fungus that produces in the grain or head what is known as smut. There are several well-known kinds of smut, each of which is caused by a distinct species of the fungus.

The greatest loss from smuts in this country is from the stinking smut of wheat and the loose smut of oats. A considerable loss is also due to the loose smuts of barley and wheat, which are more difficult to control and prevent. They are widely distributed, and though they occur usually in small quantities the damage in the aggregate is large. They often are entirely unnoticed on account of their earliness and the absence of any conspicuous sign of them at harvest time.

The stinking smut of wheat transforms only the kernels intact in the thrashed grain. The loose smuts of barley, on the other hand, early discharge their spores, which are blown off by the wind as soon as the smutted head comes out of the leaf sheath; they infect the plant in the flowering stage and enter the embryo inside the ovary before the latter ripens into seed. An infected seed develops smutted plant the following year.

The most successful method thus far found for preventing these smuts is a hot water treatment of the seed. This treatment is described in Bureau of Plant Industry Bulletin 152, entitled "The Loose Smuts of Barley and Wheat," recently issued by the United States department of agriculture. The bulletin is a report of recent researches into the life histories of these smuts and the determination of methods for their prevention, and is intended for seed growers and scientific farmers.

The South Is Making Silk.

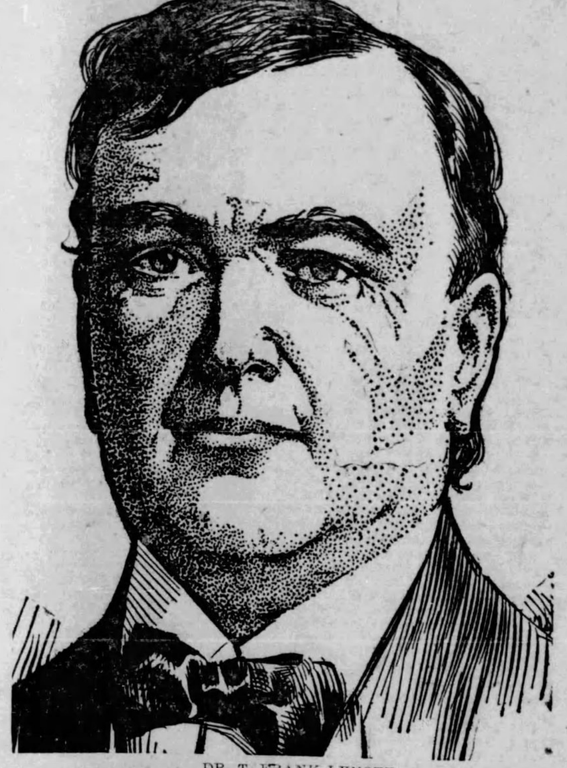
Baltimore American.

"There are few people who know that North Carolina, among its diversified industries, has a number of silk mills," remarked Mr. Thomas J. Pence, a prominent Raleigh man, who is staying at the Stafford hotel.

"In the growing town of Wadesboro there are two silk factories, one employing white labor exclusively, the other using negro operatives. They are both prosperous, and their only handicap is a scarcity of help. The raw material in the form of cocoons comes from China, and

Free Treatment for Victims of Kidney, Bladder or Rheumatic Trouble

You Can Cure Yourself at Home With It.



DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT.

To the large army of sufferers from such uric acid diseases as kidney trouble, bladder trouble or rheumatism it should prove important as well as good news that a free treatment can be obtained by which legions have successfully cured themselves in their own home. You have simply to fill out the coupon or write a letter explaining how you suffer and the free treatment, composed of different remedies, will be sent you. It is sent postpaid without charges of any kind.

You can tell if you have a kidney, bladder or rheumatic disease by the pain in the back, the getting up of nights, the twitching and pain of muscles or nerves. Some of the main symptoms of these diseases are:

1. Pain in the back.
2. Too frequent desire to urinate.
3. Burning or obstruction of urine.
4. Pain or soreness in the bladder.
5. Prostatic trouble.
6. Gas or pain in the stomach.
7. General debility, weakness, dizziness.
8. Constipation or liver trouble.
9. Pain or soreness under right ribs.
10. Swelling in any part of the body.
11. Palpitation or pain under heart.
12. Pain in the hip joint.
13. Pain in the neck or head.
14. Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
15. Pain or swelling of the joints.
16. Pain and swelling of the muscles.
17. Pain and soreness in nerves.
18. Acute or chronic rheumatism.

The free treatment will come to you in a plain unmarked package, bearing only your name and address. The remedies have been taken by thousands of people, are thoroughly reliable in every way and are all vouched for by me to the Government as to purity. The directions also are simple. You are putting yourself under no obligations in any way, and it would seem that anyone in need of such treatment would give the remedies a trial. I will, therefore, gladly send you a free treatment if you will give me your address. My address is Dr. T. Frank Lynott, 2786 Occidental Building, Chicago, Ill.

I could very easily give you the names of several hundred people whom these remedies have cured, many of them no doubt your very neighbors. I will send you a list of them when I send you the free treatment. I will likewise give you my opinion of your case and a letter on medical advice, which, alone has been a great help to thousands of people.

The free treatment will prove to you that the danger and aches of kidney trouble, the annoyance and discomfort of bladder trouble, the crippling and pains of rheumatism can be controlled and cured. And my great illustrated medical book, for which I make no charge, will describe these diseases and explain how I treat them. So correspond with me and learn for yourself that your disease is curable when the right remedies are sent you.

Let me hear from you today asking me to send the free treatment, etc.

DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT, 2786 Occidental Bldg., Chicago.

I notice symptoms number _____
(Here put down the numbers)

I will be obliged to you for a free treatment and any instructions and advice you think necessary for the cure of my case. My age is _____

Kindly address me

_____

Please write your address plainly; or write your address on a separate piece of paper and pin the coupon on

PEARY'S STORY BACKS UP MANY OF COOK'S CLAIMS

New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, Sept. 10.—That the remarkable speed of Peary's dash for the pole is a strong confirmation of the details of Dr. Cook's story, was the declaration today of Herbert L. Bridgman, secretary of the Peary Arctic club, and an expert on the far north.

"Peary's figures bear out Cook," he said, "as well as verifying his own theories on the movement of currents. The latest facts disprove the popular belief that because it is difficult to get from the 77th to the 84th parallel, it is necessaryily more difficult to travel from the 84th to the 90th. There would seem to be no question that the drift above the 84th parallel is not so great as below it."

Mr. Bridgman was shocked when he learned of the death by drowning of Prof. Ross G. Marvin, one of the members of the Peary expedition.

He supposes that Prof. Marvin fell through a lead in the ice near the 88th parallel while out with a supporting party under his command.

Only one other man died on any of the Peary Arctic expeditions. This was John G. Verhoweff, a scientist of Louisville, Ky., a member of the expedition of 1891. Verhoweff explored a glacier alone, a most reckless act, and was lost, no trace of him ever being found. This happened near McCormick's bay.

Prof. Marvin's special work was topography and map making. He probably had no knowledge of Peary's success, as he met his death only four days after the pole was discovered and before Peary could have returned to his supporting party.

Mr. Bridgman said today that if Commander Peary had seen new land he is almost certain that he would have mentioned it.

"The reports thus far received," Mr. Bridgman continued, "bear out thoroughly Commander Peary's predictions and plans and seem to justify all his deductions from his former expeditions. He apparently met more open water going north than he did on previous trips. He seems to have been detained by open leads, but he probably had good weather. On the return trip he traveled light. There was no supporting party, the supplies were pretty well exhausted and he doubtless found it necessary to move at top speed."

Mr. Bridgman said there were not more than three white men in all at the pole. These were Commander Peary and either Donald McMillan, of Worcester, Mass., or George Barup, of the Sheffield scientific school. It is also possible that both men accompanied Peary. Matthew Henson, Peary's negro companion, also probably was at the pole.

The Burning Question.

Success Magazine.

A Baltimore teacher was trying to explain the meaning of the word "recuperate."

"Charley," she said, "when night comes your father returns home tired and worn out, doesn't he"

"Yes, ma'am," assented Charley.

"Then," continued the teacher, "it being night, and he being tired, what does he do?"

"That's what ma wants to know," said Charley.

PEARY TAKES POLE IN NATION'S NAME

Raises Flag of His Country by Virtue of His Rank as an Officer of the Navy and Deposits Records of the Act

Washington, Sept. 11.—Sovereignty of the United States has been proclaimed over all the North Polar regions, the American flag has been raised and possession taken in the name of the President.

These acts, of vital importance to the entire world, have been performed by Commander Robert E. Peary, of the United States navy, acting in the name of the government of which he is a servant.

Such action, has throughout the history of exploration and discovery, been considered equivalent to the actual annexation of the region affected.

The following message has been received at the state department from Commander Peary:

"Battle Harbor, September 10.

"Hon. Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.:

"Respectfully report hoisted stars and stripes on North Pole April 6 and formally took possession that entire region and adjacent for and in name of President United States America. Record and United States flag left in possession. PEARY."

Acting Secretary Adee, of the state department, in answer to inquiries, said that the state department had no comment whatever to make, as there was no question before him.

Commander Peary's first official notification to the navy department, direct, of his return and of his discovery of the North Pole, came to the department this morning in the following dispatch, sent by him from Battle Harbor, yesterday. It read as follows:

"Respectfully report my return; hoisted navy ensign on North Pole April 6. PEARY."

Responding to Commander Peary's dispatch, Acting Secretary Winthrop sent the following telegram of congratulations:

"To Commander Peary, Battle Harbor, Labrador.

"Your telegraphic report received. Navy department extends hearty congratulations on your successful attempt to reach the North Pole.

"WINTHROP."

WAR OF THE EXPLORERS GROWS HOTTER EVERY DAY

New York, Sept. 11.—The Cook-Peary controversy continues to rage with unabated fury. For the time being the great achievement itself is somewhat obscured if not lost in the intensity of feeling which has been aroused over the personal aspect of the two conflicting claims. Commander Peary's latest dispatch challenging Cook's claim and characterizing it as "a gold brick" has added fuel to the already fierce fire of charge and counter-charge. Each explorer has his camp of loyal champions and defenders, centering in the various polar organizations with which they have been identified, but ramifying throughout scientific and public circles generally.

In these divided camps plans are being hastily formed on a prodigious scale for the welcome to be accorded to the two claimants for polar honors, and aspirants to the plan indicate that both explorers will arrive about the same time. The demonstrations greeting them promise to bring to a climax the present intense feeling of approval and disapproval.

Peary's latest challenge to Cook's claim is viewed with varying shades of feeling by the supporters of the two men. It is accepted by both sides as a direct charge of the untruthfulness of Cook's narrative. It is noted also that Peary now adds the statements that he has proof of his statement contradicting Cook. To give added emphasis to this, he twice recites his possession of proof. It is also his intention to present this proof is "when he (Cook) makes a full statement of his journey over his signature."

Peary also requires that this written statement from Cook shall be made to "some geographical society or other reputable body." In this connection Copenhagen dispatches have already stated that Cook was ready to submit his claim to the coast and geodetic survey at Washington or other scientific body, if Peary would do the same thing.

The use of the contemptuous phrase "A Gold Brick," in referring to Cook's claim, is looked upon by the champions of Dr. Cook as particularly offensive. They regard it as not only a challenge of his veracity, but as one of such serious import in reflecting upon Cook's methods that it calls for immediate substantiation from Peary Whether he will give this substantiation at once is open to doubt, in view of his statement that the proof would be presented when Cook made a full statement over his signature to some geographical society or other reputable body.

Commander Peary has now taken action as a naval officer as well as an explorer, by reporting officially to the President, to the navy department and to the coast and geodetic survey at Washington that he reached the north pole April 6, 1909. These official reports are in line with arguments presented at the hearing of injunction proceedings yesterday over the question of publishing Peary's personal narrative, when it was maintained by James M. Beck, former assistant attorney general of the United States, that Peary's achievement constituted a historical fact accomplished by a United States navy officer on a public mission.

The Arctic Club of America further perfected its plans today for meeting Cook on his arrival. A large steamer having a capacity for carrying 2,000 people has been chartered to go down the bay to meet the explorer on his arrival on the Oscar II., which sailed from Christiansand at noon today. Many distinguished persons, including the chief officials of Brooklyn and representatives of scientific and geographical bodies, will be invited. Mrs. Cook also will be a guest on board the steamer which goes to greet Dr. Cook. A flotilla of steam craft, yachts, tugs, etc., is also preparing to move seaward and greet the Oscar II. on its approach.

The plan is to bring Dr. Cook to the landing at New York, whence he will proceed across the city to Brooklyn, where a rapturous reception is awaiting him. The borough will be decorated and a huge floral arch will span the street approaching his modest home on Bushwick avenue.

The plan for Peary's reception, when he arrives, is also being elaborated by his adherents, but details are in abeyance owing to the uncertainty of the time at which he will reach New York. He was to have reached Sydney today, but delaw at Battle Harbor will put off the arrival at Sydney until perhaps the middle of next week. His dispatch to his close friend, Mr. Bridgman, fixes Wednesday as the time of his arrival at Sydney. There a great reception is awaiting him, by the people of Nova Scotia, and there, also, Mrs. Peary and Mrs. Bridman, with scores of newspaper correspondents, are anxiously awaiting him. Two seagoing steamers have been chartered to go out from Sydney to meet him, one of them being a government steamer offered by the Ottawa authorities.

The reception at Sydney may delay Peary's departure by rail from that point until next Thursday or Friday, when he will probably be en route to Portland, Maine. At that point he will be given a reception from the municipality and citizens. Continuing this way by rail, his arrival in New York will be about September 20 or 21, which is the time, also, that the steamer Oscar II., bringing Dr. Cook, is due to arrive.

FREE DEAFNESS CURE.

A remarkable offer by one of the leading ear specialists in this country, who will send two months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure Deafness, Head Noises and Catarrh. Address Dr. G. M. Branaman, 1251 Walnut st., Kansas City, Mo.

RICH GOLD DISTRICT FOUND

Glowing Reports Come From Itadarod Country.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 13.—Mining men who have arrived from Fairbanks, Alaska, bring glowing news of gold prospects in the Innoko district and along the creeks of the Itadarod country, 140 miles from Innoko. William Koon, of Fairbanks, said:

"When I left Fairbanks a great many stampeders with big outfits were starting for the district. Gold dust taken from several good claims there already opened had begun to show up in Fairbanks, and its appearance was accepted as confirmation of the good reports given in letters and by returning stampeders. The Innoko district has surpassed all expectations."

Dog Attacked by Birds.

St. Paul Dispatch to New York World.

Louis Miller's 2-year-old fox terrier killed a baby sparrow at Third and Wabasha streets, and then had to fight for her life against the combined attacks of several hundred other sparrows thirsting for revenge. The dog accompanied Mrs. Miller on a business trip to the neighborhood, and when he saw the birdling fluttering on the sidewalk, he pounced upon it with his paws and teeth at the same time. The owner of the animal thought nothing of the incident until he heard a vigorous twittering all around, and saw the terrier dash madly up Wabasha street to escape the fury of the vengeful sparrows. The terrier was getting severely punished.

Motor Boat Deliveries

Scientific American.

An engineer who has recently made a tour of the middle west to gather data relative to proposed waterway improvements informs us that he was astonished to find what a large amount of freighting is done by individual storekeepers and smaller merchants in launches propelled by internal combustion motors. The country storekeeper living on the banks of the rivers and canals has found that he can ship his own freight from the wholesale dealer and distribute it to his retail customers by motor boat at a cost far below that of any other available means of conveyance. There is nn this fact a suggestion of future usefulness for abandoned canals in which the draft is limited.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffic address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subjects. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nod to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

THE COMPASS

Why does a compass needle not point directly toward the north pole instead of pointing slightly to the northeast?—W. A. H., Edwards, Ind.

Instead of pointing to the north and south poles as is generally believed compass needles point to the north and south magnetic poles. The north pole of the needle points to the south magnetic pole which lies somewhere in the northeastern part of Canada.

RUFUS CHOATE

Please give a sketch of the life of Rufus Choate.—C. C. C., Croy, Ore.

Rufus Choate was born in Ipswich, Mass., October 1, 1799. As a boy he was remarkable for his love of reading, and had read through every volume in the village library, even the ponderous theological works, before he was 10 years old. He entered Dartmouth college in 1815, and soon took his place at the head of his class. After graduation he taught for one year, then entered the law school at Cambridge, but only remained there a few months, when he went to Washington and completed his legal studies in the office of William West, then attorney general of the United States. He began the practice of his profession in Danvers, Mass., in 1824. In 1825 he was elected a representative to the Massachusetts legislature, and in 1827 was in the state senate. In 1832 he was elected to congress, and was nominated for reelection in 1834, but declined the honor, preferring to devote himself to his profession. He then removed to Boston, where he soon attained a most brilliant reputation as an advocate. After Mr. Webster entered the cabinet of President Harrison, Mr. Choate was chosen to fill his place in the senate. After the close of his term in 1845, however, he declined to take any further part in public affairs. In 1858 his health gave way, and he was obliged to retire from active business. A voyage was advised, and he set sail for Europe, but was taken ashore in a very feeble condition at Halifax, where, after a few weeks, he died, July 13, 1858. Mr. Choate's especial talent was as an advocate. His speeches were not only careful in argument, but brilliant in expression, and his persuasive power in delivery was marvellous. Whether addressing a jury or an audience, he seemed to move their minds almost at will. His writings have been gathered and published, with a sketch of his life, written by Dr. S. G. Brown, of Boston.

NELLIE BLY

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Nellie Bly?—C. J. H., Burton, O.

Elizabeth Cochrane, or Nellie Bly, the journalist, was born in 1867. Her father was a lawyer with a cultivated intellect, and attended personally to her education until she was 10 years of age when he died. She then attended a boarding school for two years at the end of which time she had to quit owing to her ill-health. When she was fit for taking out-door exercise she was reading books, developing a fondness for works of travel and adventure. After a time she began to write short stories and sketches. She contributed regularly to a Pittsburg paper, and toured the world with her mother for the purpose of getting material. Her salary was too small to satisfy her, so she removed to New York where she got a position on the World. Her first exploit in this capacity was so successful on a simulation of insanity as to deceive the examining physicians and to lead to her confinement in an asylum for the insane, whose abuses she mercilessly exposed on regaining her freedom. She successfully did this kind of work for about three years when she undertook a trip around the world, a feat which had never before been tried by a woman. She made the trip in 72 days, 6 hours, 11 minutes and 14 seconds—a thing less remarkable in point of time, than in being accomplished by an unprotected woman who received throughout the entire trip nothing but the most courteous attention from all classes and nationalities.

WEARING OF BEARDS

What races and what nations of people wear full beards, and which do not?—G. C. V., Cuba, Ala.

Full beards were cultivated among eastern nations in early times, and have always been regarded by them as a badge of dignity. The fact that the ancient Egyptian pictures frequently represent a human male figure, especially when of a king or dignitary, without the beard, would seem to indicate that it was a mark of rank in Egypt to be devoid of that appendage. In ancient India, Persia and Assyria, however, the beard was always allowed to grow long, and was always esteemed a symbol of dignity and wisdom. In Turkey it is considered an infamy to have the beard cut off, and the slaves of the seraglio are shaved as a mark of their servile condition. Previous to the reign of Alexander the Great, the Greeks wore beards, but during the wars of that monarch they commenced shaving, the practice having been suggested, it is said, by Alexander for the purpose of depriving the enemy of an opportunity of catching the soldiers by the beard. The fashion thus began continued until the reign of Justinian, when long beards again became customary. The year 300 B. C. is given as the time about which the Romans commenced shaving. The philosophers from the earliest periods seem to have affected the full beard, it being esteemed by thm, as among the Greeks, a symbol of wisdom. All the ancient inhabitants of Europe wore beards at the earliest period of which any record exists. The Lombards, or Longobards, derived their name from the practice of going unshaved. Until the introduction of Christianity the Anglo-Saxons all wore beards without distinction, but then the clergy were compelled by law to shave. In the 13th century Pope Honorius III., in order to conceal a disfigured lip, allowed his beard to grow, and inaugurated anew the fashion, which became prevalent in Europe in the age of Francis I. The right of the clergy to wear their beards was then again disputed. In 1561 the College of Sorbonne decided that a beard was contrary to sacerdotal modesty. In England, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the beard was worn by those of higher rank. The Russians retained their beards until Peter the Great returned from his western tour, when one of his first edicts toward the compulsory civilization of his people had reference to the beard, to have them shaved off. Thus the practice of shaving became almost universal. France was the first to return to the old fashion of wearing the beard, and England was the last. The Indians have very scanty beards, and none appears on the Athabascans on account of a custom of plucking it out.

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTISTS

Please explain the principles and doctrines of the Seventh Day Adventists.—R. E. H., Stroud, Okla.

The Seventh Day Adventists, formed in 1845, believe that the dead are unconscious, that the gift of prophecy still exists, and was accorded to Mrs. Ellen G. White; that the United States is the Two-Horned Beast; that 1843 was a real fulfillment of prophecy, namely, the "cleansing of the sanctuary" and the beginning of the "investigative judgment," and that total abstinence, vegetarianism, and hygienes are part of religion. This division of the Adventists is the strongest of them all.

THE OYSTER

Please tell something of the habits of the oyster. Do they propagate their species by eggs? If so, give some estimate of their numbers.—F. G. B.' Bumpass, Va.

The oyster is a genus of lamellibranchiate mollusks, of the section with a single adductor muscle. The shell consists of two unequal and somewhat irregularly shaped valves, of laminated and coarsely foliated structure; and the hinge is without tooth or ridge, the valves being held together by a ligament lodged in a little cavity in each. The animal is, in its organization, among the lowest and simplest of lamellibranchiate mollusks. It has no foot, and, except when very young no power of locomotion, or organ of any kind adapted to that purpose. Its food consists of animalcules, and also of minute vegetable particles, brought to it by the water, a continual current of which is directed towards the mouth by the action of the gills. It is jawless and toothless. The ovaries are very large during the season of reproduction, which extends over certain months in summer, when oysters are out of season for the table. Oysters are hermaphrodite. They produce vast numbers of young. It is calculated that from 5,000 to 4,000 exist within an oyster when "sick," "milky," or full of spawn; according to Poli, one oyster produces about 1,200,000 eggs. The eggs are hatched within the shell and mantle of the parent, and the young are to be seen swimming in a whiteish and mucous or creamy fluid surrounding the gills, which becomes darker and muddy when the young are about to be expelled. Each young oyster is then about 1,120 of an inch in length, and about 2,000,000 can be packed in a space of a cubic inch. Young oysters readily attach themselves to the shells of old ones, and thus, under favorable circumstances, oyster banks increase rapidly, so as to fill up shallow parts of the sea, and to form walls, which effectually resist the waves and tide.

VENUS FLY-TRAP

Will you please tell what you can concerning Venus' fly-trap?—B. M., Panther, West Virginia.

Venus' fly-trap, or the dionaea, is a plant of the sundew family, found in sandy bogs near the coast of the Carolinas. The botanical name of the plant is muscipula dionaea. Audubon says he found enormous specimens of the plant growing in Florida. The plant is common in hothouses. There are three hairs upon each division of the leaf, which are so sensitive that an insect alighting upon one of them causes the two sides of the leaf suddenly to come together with considerable force, the strong bristles of the marginal fringe crossing each other like the teeth of a steel trap, so as to retain the intruder, whose struggles to escape only increase the pressure of the leaf-trap. The insect is retained until its soft parts are digested and absorbed by the plants, after which the leaf opens and the hard parts drop out. This operation requires about 14 days, but if the insect exciting the leaf is not caught, the leaf opens again after an hour or two. The leaf does not retain its vigor for any length of time, gradually becoming inert and drying up.

THE DEAD SEA

Please give a description of the Dead sea.—D. S. C., Ludden, N. D.

The Dead sea is southeast of Palestine. It is about 40 miles long, with an average breadth of nine miles. The depth of the Dead sea varies considerably. Soundings in the north have given about 220 fathoms. This depth, however, gradually lessens towards the south extremity, where the water is shallow. The surface, which is lower than that of any water known, is 1,312 feet below the level of the Mediterranean sea. The shape is that of an elongated oval, interrupted by a promontory, which projects into it from the southeast. The Dead sea is fed by the Jordan from the north and by many other streams. It has no apparent outlet, its superfluous water being supposed to be entirely carried off by evaporation. Along the east and west borders of the Dead sea are lines of bold and in some places perpendicular cliffs, rising in places to an elevation of upward of 1,000 feet on the east and 2,000 on the west. These cliffs are chiefly composed of limestone, and are destitute of vegetation save on the east side, where there are ravines traversed by fresh-water springs. The north shores of the lake form an extensive and desolate muddy flat, marked by the blackened trunks and branches of trees strewn about and encrusted with salt, as everything that is exposed to the spray of the Dead Sea. The south shore is low, level and marshy, and desolate and dreary in the highest degree; the air is choking, and no living thing is to be seen. On this shore is the remarkable mass of rock called Usdum (Sodom). It is a narrow, rugged ridge of hills, extending five miles northward and consisting of rock salt. Large blocks have been broken off from this hill, and lie strewn in all directions along the shore, adding to the dreary and death like aspect. To the north of Usdum, and at no great distance, is the supposed site of ancient Sodom. Although the hills surrounding the Dead sea are composed principally of stratified rock, yet igneous rocks are also seen; there are also quantities of post-teriary lava, pumice-stone, warm springs, sulphur and volcanic slag, clearly proving the presence here of volcanic agencies at some period. The neighborhood of the Dead sea is frequently visited by earthquakes, on which occasions it has been observed that this lake casts up to its surface large masses of asphaltum, of which substance the caps, crosses and other ornaments that are made and sold to pilgrims at Jerusalem chiefly consists. The long-entertained belief that the exhalations from this lake were fatal, is not founded upon fact; birds have been seen flying and even sitting upon its surface. Within the thickets of tamarish and oleander, which here and there may be seen upon its brink, the birds sing as sweetly as in the more highly favored quarters. A curious plant grows on the borders of the Dead sea, which yields fruit called the apple of Sodom, beautiful on the outside, but bitter to the taste, and, when mature, filled with filter and dust. The water of the Dead sea is characterized by the presence of a large quantity of magnesia and soda salts. Its specific gravity ranges from 1,172 to 1,227 (pure water being 1,000, and contains about eight times more salt than that of the ocean.

OLIVE OIL

Please tell what you know about olive oil and oblige.—W. A. B., Omaha Neb.

Olives intended for the production of oil are carefully gathered by hand when ripe. They are bruised as little as possible, and preferably crushed at once, otherwise they are partially dried in very thin layers, through which air must circulate freely to avoid molding and fermenting, unsound fruit being prone to decay and impair the flavor and odor of the oil. The stones are not crushed by the modern machines. The crushed pulp is then pressed in linen sheets, the pressure being applied very gradually. A second pressing is made after pulp has been mixed with cold water. Other pressings are sometimes given, each one resulting in a grade of oil inferior to the preceding. The two first grades are sometimes mixed. Since the preparation of the oil from the juice by gravity is hazardous on account of liability to ferment, the impurities are washed out quickly by special apparatus, on which a current of cool water comes in contact with a small quantity of the juice, mixes with it, separates the larger particles of pulp and allows the oil to arise through a tall column of water, which further washes the oil globules as they rise. After being allowed to stand for a time in a cool room, this oil is racked off and sold as "new oil," or may be again allowed to stand for further clarification. Since the American market demands a clear oil, however, much of the domestic oil is filtered, a process which, especially if often repeated, impairs the flavor and makes the oil seem greasy. Throughout the process scrupulous cleanliness is essential, because olive oil is prone to absorb any taint either in the utensils or the air. Olive oil is used in cookery and pharmacy, for lubricating surgical instruments, for illumination, and for making castile and other kinds of soap, for which purpose the lower grades are mostly employed. Olive oil is also used for medical purposes.

PICKLED PORK

Will you please give a recipe telling how to pickle pork?—S. A. G., Brighton, Mo.

To each gallon of pure water add 1½ pounds of common salt, one-half pound brown sugar, one-half ounce saltpetre, and one-half ounce of potash. Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then pour it into a large kettle to cool. When cool pour it over the beef or pork, which has first been cut into pieces of from four to eight pounds, and let it remain on the meat four or five weeks. Hams and shoulders can be put in whole, but will not cure as quick. The meat must be well covered with the pickle, or brine, and should not be put into the pickle for at least two days after it is killed, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood and leaves the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, though the action of boiling is good, as it throws off the dirt always found in the sugar and salt. Hams and shoulders cured in this manner may be smoked afterwards and are found excellent eating.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS

Can you tell me who the seven sleepers were?—F. C. N., Ava, Ill.

The legend runs, that in the persecution of the Christians under the Emperor Decius, about the year 250 A. D., seven noble young men of Ephesus took refuge in a cave near that city. Here they were discovered by their pagan pursuers, who walled up the entrance in order to starve them to death. A miracle was interposed in their behalf, and they fell into a preternatural sleep which continued for nearly 200 years. In the year 447 the cave was opened they awoke, thinking they had been asleep only a few hours. On venturing out they were surprised to see everything changed; and even the cross, which only the day before, as it seemed, was the object of contempt, was now elevated on the top of the temples. Their wonderful story told, they were brought into the city in triumph; but all immediately died at the same moment.

MOUNTAINS OF SWITZERLAND

Please give a description of the mountains of Switzerland.—S. B. M., Acton, Cal.

Switzerland is the most mountainous country of Europe. Even in its most level part it is 1,500 feet above the sea, and has 25 peaks exceeding 2,000 feet in height. It is covered throughout nearly its whole extent by the Alps, divided into several ranges or groups, and between France and Switzerland extends the Jura range. These lofty hills are covered with perpetual snow and ice, and in their gorges are immense masses of glaciers, which are the reservoirs feeding many large rivers. The climate is mild in the valleys, where the fig and grape are abundantly raised, but on the mountain side and on the table-lands more snow falls than anywhere else in Europe. Though many districts of the country are fruitful, there is not grain enough raised to support the population. About 17 per cent of the country, also, is covered with forests. The whole country is celebrated for its fine pastures, and excellent butter and cheese are made there. Flax and hemp are extensively grown, and the vineyards are an important source of revenue to the people. Many lines of manufacture are successfully carried on, especially those of silk and cloth-making, watches, carved woods, musical boxes, etc. The area of Switzerland is 15,588 square miles, and its population in 1880 was 2,856,102.

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

Will you describe the climate, soil and give some of the products of the Argentine republic?—A. R. D., Calhoun, Ky.

The surface of Argentine Republic is a great plain, descending to the sea on the southeast coast, limited by the Brazilian coast ranges north of the Plata, and rising westward to the feet of the Andes. This vast plain is swept by the southwest trade-winds that carry temperature and moisture of the South Atlantic to every part of it, producing a remarkably equable climate throughout its whole extent. The soil is fertile in nearly every part, yielding all the temperate zone products, and many that are tropical, but the agricultural development of the country is still in its infancy. Manufactures are still more backward. The chief source of which is found in the flocks and herds that multiply with but little care on the vast grazing plains called estanclus. The exports of Argentine are wool, hides, tallow, animal oil, preserved meats, live stock, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS

E. J., Watertown, N. Y.: It is the opinion of Bureau that when a girl is married her parents have no more control over her, especially in New York, where a girl can marry without the consent of her parents when she is 16 years of age.

X. Y. Z., Mt. Pleasant, Mich.: A girl is permitted to marry at the age of 16 years without the consent of her parents in the states of Delaware, Idaho, Maryland, New York, Tennessee and the District of Columbia.

F. S. R., Arlington, Neb.: The south pole has not yet been discovered, though recent attempts have been made to find it.

J. E. S., Portland, Ind.: Joseph A. Seiss died in the year 1904.

B. E. L., DeGrasse, N. Y.: Write to the general land commissioner at Washington, D. C., for what you want.

N. W. C., Moundsville, W. Va.: Any person having instruments that determine latitude and longitude can find the location of the north pole if he gets that far up. Read the news column for information concerning Dr. Cook's trip.

M. L. S., Dearborn, N. Y.: See an attorney for the information you desire.

R. H. N., Sanborn, N. Y.: Write to the attorney general of your state for information concerning the laws you want.

G. B., Vandergrift, Pa.: We have no statistics showing the number of deaths in this country caused by the use of alcohol.

R. M. R., Albion, Mich.: Write to the department of agriculture for the bulletin you want. We do not keep them.

L. B. S., Rockford, O.: A person has a right to withdraw his name as a candidate for a position.

A. R., Oil City, Pa.: It is against our rules to tell you where you can dispose of your violin.

P. E. G., Troxelville, Pa.: We do not know which is the coldest, the north or the south pole. As the south pole has never been discovered the temperature of the land around there has never been ascertained.

G. M., Stevens, W. Va.: Custer county in Montana is the largest county in the United States. It has 20,490 square miles.

R. L. G., Kinmundy, Ill.: The north pole is exactly 90 degrees from the equator and 180 degrees from the south pole. The center of the rotation of the earth is at the poles.

G. A. J., Mt. Nebo, W. Va.: We have not the technical knowledge necessary to answer your question.

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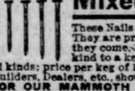

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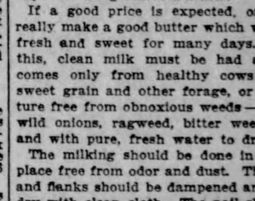

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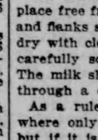

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Mr. Harriman's disease looks pretty expensive.

Now for the great war of the Arctic lecture platform.

Good-bye, August. We're pleased to tear you off the calendar.

To be a successful explorer, don't let the other fellow beat you to it.

It won't be necessary for Walter Wellman to fill another balloon.

Oyster Bay can still be found on the map by a close and patient search.

No explorer ought to go to the north pole without a notary public.

The king was thrilled by Cook's story and Cook was filled by the king's cook.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon would despise a job that hadn't a thing about it to cuss.

Stop, look and listen! Counterfeit $500 bills are said to be in circulation.

The early frost and hard winter predictions are now coming into the market.

A Kentucky negro is reported to have eaten five watermelons and died—happy.

There are still a few automobilists left who think the law of gravitation is a joke.

Mexico can think of many owners it would prefer to the Standard Oil company.

Eating 56 ears of sweet corn at one sitting is this season's record. Who can beat it?

Sad it is, but the census man has to include the knockers in the country's population.

Nature hasn't been very thoughtful this summer about the conservation of earthquakes.

We await with impatience the meeting of the aviator and the ill-tempered summer tornado.

A steak of raw dog meat probably no longer appeals to our most distinguished Yankees.

Spain hasn't called for help yet in whipping the Moors. She is used to being licked alone.

The summer boarder having told the farmer all he knows, has packed up and come home.

The cotton crop is so short that one might think the speculators had done the hoeing this season.

China has been in process of waking up so long that we suspect it once worked as a farm hand.

Fletcher says there is nothing like a fine steak well chewed. Anyway there's nothing like a fine steak.

When the doctors get hold of a man like Harriman they have simply got to invent a new disease for him.

The senatorial insurgent movement, being western, naturally compels the eastern press to view with alarm.

The snag boats of the future will be employed to yank the dark and menacing clouds out of the aerial highways.

To discover the North Pole is not all that an explorer must do. He has got to prove it to a lot of suspicious rivals.

Too bad the President should get sciatica just when the necessity of kicking a few men out of office is indicated.

A man with a bald head was shot by a boy hunting turtles. Moral: If you're shy on hair, don't masquerade as a turtle.

Dr. Wiley is getting into more trouble. He wants marriage licenses withheld from young women who do not know how to cook.

Lovers are getting more impatient every day. One in Pennsylvania shot himself because his sweetheart didn't come down stairs on time.

People who have traveled in interurban cars behind a green motorman don't have to be told how it feels to go up in a flying machine.

Rockefeller says that everyone should be an altruist. The Socialists are. They hope to have possession of the Rockefeller fortune some day.

By this time next year, people will frequent the housetops and take their evening recreation by watching aeronauts trying to hog the aerial lanes.

The estimate of the country's population is 95,000,000, provided, of course, St. Joseph, Mo., is not permitted to enumerate the setter dogs, this time.

The German war scare in England is coming down to the nice and easily portable shape of the Japanese invasion scare of the American Pacific coast.

It remained for good old business-minded England to open the controversy as to which nation owned the North Pole. So far as America is concerned, Britain can have the Pole, and welcome, but she'd better be careful about hauling down any flags she finds there.

DISCOVERIES AHEAD.

The conquest of the earth has only begun, the scientific people tell us often. It is a saying worn a little threadbare, its force lost by many repeatings, but it is literally true. The successes of the last few months make it the more certain and give the prophets the greater right to command honor and respect.

The discovery of the north pole, in the opinion of Evelyn Briggs Baldwin, will not end Arctic exploration, but will rather stimulate the mapping of the polar lands, the exploitation of the minerals known to exist in the north in vast quantities and the study of the animal and vegetable life there. Attempts will be made, he thinks, to utilize the terrestrial magnetism on immense scales. Better equipped expeditions will be fitted out to seek the south pole and learn the secrets of Antarctica.

Aviation, as spectacular as it has been this year, can be only in its infancy. The inventions will doubtless seem a decade hence very crude and dangerous, mere curiosities for the student of museums.

The ever-practical Edison says that science will turn its attention to improving the lot of the workingman. He believes he has himself achieved no little by showing how cheap and comfortable homes can be constructed with concrete. "We cannot comprehend one-millionth part of the resources of nature," says the wizard of Menlo Park. He, as much as any man living, has had glimpses of that wonderful country of the future.

The next great conquest, in the opinion of Herbert G. Wells, is in the fields of physiology and the strange influence of drugs. This, as physicians realize, is vaguely understood. Science has lacked the instruments and the proper seeing eye to comprehend the intricacies of human life. With chemistry, psychology, biology and the microscope to aid, the exploration can be thorough.

ROADS IN VIRGINIA.

The railroads of Virginia have given a decided impetus to the improvement of the highways by pledging themselves to haul all material for use at cost and men and machinery free.

Virginian railroads are no more utopian than other lines in the country. They are as willing as other companies to forget their public interest when considering their own. But there is indicated a refreshing sense of foresight and good sense.

Upon the condition of country roads largely depend the earnings of railroads. The district with fine highways is the one in which land commands the higher price. The farmer with property worth $50 an acre will be less likely to let parts of it lie idle than one whose land is quoted at $5 per acre. Good roads attract the agriculturists looking for new locations. They draw the folk who desire to expand their fields. Large sections of country in the east are unimproved purely because bad roads make the markets inaccessible.

Virginia has suffered the blight of neglect. Settlers have rushed for new lands in the far west while cheaper lands in the south, possibly run down, but generous when fertilized, lay within easy distance of the big markets. Good roads will help to bring Virginia back to her own. And with the increase in the state's prosperity the railroads will be able to show better earnings. The losses in carrying material at cost, or free of charge, will be made up a thousand per cent.

THE SACRIFICE.

The naval tug Nezinscot was wrecked on August 11. Acting Assistant Surgeon C. E. Trotter was clinging to a piece of wreckage for more than an hour. When a boat came to his rescue, Dr. Trotter, though greatly exhausted, told the crew to row to a sailor a short distance off who was in great distress. By the time the boat got back to the surgeon he had released his hold. He had given his life that another man might live.

The death of this young surgeon brings to mind the debt that humanity owes to the high examples of heroism which the medical profession has produced. For none other has such large letters been carved in the monument of sacrifice. Not so dramatically as Dr. Trotter, have physicians ignored their own lives but with as great nobility, when they exposed themselves to epidemic, when they tested drugs and germ cultures upon themselves in order to study the progress of poison, when they underwent the agonies of the burns of X-rays and radium. The doctor is one of the poorest of insurance risks. He is the shortest lived of professional men. His reward is more often starvation and discouragement than it is big fees and publicity.

When Dr. Trotter meets with the heroic dead he will not be lonesome. Thousands of his fellows have preceded him.

FARMER AND AUTOMOBLIST.

An aggrieved automobilist, writing to a Chicago newspaper, complains very bitterly of the treatment given him by farmers while he was upon a recent tour of southern Michigan. Drivers of farm wagons with which he met would not turn out of the road. He was bumped and shaken by "thank-ye-ma'ams" he has reason to believe were deliberately constructed for the purpose of causing injury to machines. When he asked for directions he was sent many miles out of his course. He asks what has become of the proverbial kindliness of American country people.

This automobilist, it is apparent, hasn't been a machine owner very long. He wouldn't have been bewildered by the change among farmers if he were. He would understand that to the right motor driver, to the one who can himself display a modicum of courtesy, rural folk were just as friendly as they ever were. For the hostile attitude the motorists meet with they have themselves to blame.

In the days before the automobile there was an etiquette of the road. It certainly exists still among horsemen. It was not sportsmanlike to attempt to force your dust upon others who were driving. A pedestrian obtained some consideration. He was not made to leap to escape flying wheels, compelled to swallow clouds of dust and held in the light of a butt for everybody's practical joking. To run down chickens and pigs was the last thing a horseman ever thought of. And to sneer at the farmer, to consider his orchard public property and his rights to a part of the road unworthy of thought, were unforgivable improprieties. With the coming of the automobiles these unwritten courtesies have largely gone by the board.

If the Chicagoan makes another trip and remembers these points in thoughtfulness he ought to find the American farmers unaltered.

A WIZARD DEPARTED.

Knowing the Harriman methods, reading the man's career as that of a Napoleon to whom friend was no friend if he stood in the way of ambition, to whom patron was to be trod underfoot as a worm if the patron had that which he himself wished; realizing that he represented much which was more than cruel, more than vicious, it is difficult to be even tolerant with words in reviewing the life just ended. But when one considers how Harriman restored two streaks of rust to a great railroad, how he gave healthy growth to a territory as big as an empire, how he caused seven high grade lines to be given to a section that had had but one good one and three indifferent ones—it is just as impossible to condemn him. No person now may give a true estimate of Harriman's work, though he may weigh easily his character. Ten years hence the greatness of his labors will be understood and the far west may forget the ruthlessness, the gigantic egotism and the want of scruples, and raise monuments to the man's memory.

The story of this son of an obscure clergyman is as romantic as that of Alexander, conquering and ever gazing beyond the horizon for new worlds of trade and power to conquer. The toil of his railroad properties was a nation's income, the mileage of the lines under his thumb hard for the mind to grasp as a thing possible. He was a railroad constructor as much as any engineer is and yet his railroad training was obtained in the offices of a broker. He could think in straight lines though trained to the devious courses of Wall street. He could see into distant days though the greater number of his years had to do with customs and men with whom each 24 hours was a thing sufficient. A writer in a recent issue of a magazine, one who is plainly a partisan of the army of James J. Hill, says that "Hill has worked in the tomorrow of things, Harriman today." There is more epigram than truth in this. It was no mere financier who straightened out the wriggling old Union Pacific, built that daring cut-off across the Great Salt Lake and gobbled up harbor rights that will pay only taxes for the next half century. The magazine writer quoted declares that the Hill-Harriman feud "gained for neither much of anything but additional responsibility, but has meant the creation of a new commercial hope for the western people."

Another man, or other men, must shortly be found who can assume the tremendous weight of responsibility which Harriman had chosen to carry himself. It is foolish to assume that the great properties gathered together will be allowed to fall apart, that the bankers who have gained so much power will sacrifice it because one master mind will have been lost to their world.

THE MAN IN OVERALLS.

The Washington Post tells the story of a physician who went to New York and took a job as an electrician's assistant at $8 a week. "On the streets, in the cars and while doing his work he found his overalls were the open sesame to more of kindliness and consideration than he had met in all the years of his practice of a dignified and learned profession."

Twenty or more years ago Robert Louis Stevenson commented plaintively upon the fact that when he assumed rougher garb than he was accustomed to wear, people no longer gave him a glance. He had dropped to a plane that was as much of a world to itself, so far as the well-dressed were concerned, as if he were upon vast-distanced Mars.

It was inevitable that in an age of mechanics the false and finicky distinctions surviving from the period of velvet and lace should die. It is the man in overalls, we all begin to realize now, who rules our living, our comforts and luxuries. Just as the well-dressed man who sits beside you in the car of an evening may by day be a wage earner, so does it happen that the chap in blue jeans, greasy and smuggy, is oftentimes a mechanical engineer, a frequenter of industrial company boards and an expert in highly technical sciences.

AN INCREASE IN TUBERCULOSIS?

The country was recently given encouragement by a report that several of the cities had progressed so far in the battle with tuberculosis as to make a noticeable reduction in the death rate. Nathan Straus, the philanthropist and probably the greatest expert on the disease among laymen, has steadfastly refused to accept the statements of health officers as signs of victory. In an address before the International Medical Congress in Budapest he has boldly declared that consumption was spreading wider, that a greater number of people among New York city's population were becoming infected.

The dispatches carry statistics to support his arguments, but they are confusing and when studied suggest that he has been reported very vaguely. But there is no question as to Mr. Straus' views upon the subject. His zeal in the cause has been untiring. He is, doubtless, as hopeful as any of the other combatants, but, having had a hard, matter-of-fact business training, he refuses to permit himself to be misled by surface showings and by calculations he thinks poorly reckoned.

The fight against tuberculosis is one of the most noble of humanitarian measures ever undertaken. It calls for a great patience, energy and unfailing perseverance. It may be ten years before anything dependable and certain in the mighty war can be recorded. To have found the causes was a big achievement, to have found remedies a step in progress, but there still remains the labor of forcing the general adoption of preventive methods. This last is the greatest task of all.

THE EXPLORERS AND HISTORY.

The country, as much as it respects Commander Peary, will be inclined to give Dr. Cook as large a benefit of the doubt as it can. The controversy between the two explorers and their friends and various advocates is of tremendous interest, but, should Dr. Cook prove to be a fakir, the fact will carry with it an unpleasant reflection upon the veracity of Americans. We will enjoy joking about it ourselves, but we will discover little delight in reading the witticisms in foreign comment.

The "traveler's tale" was, for many centuries, a by-word. The story of the travels of Sir John Mandeville, so amazing in its mingling of fact and fancy, was swallowed entire by our credulous ancestors. Scholars have discovered that there was not even a Sir John and that the book was largely the fiction of many writers. John Davis, an English voyager of the Sixteenth century, reported the existence of men-fish in Greenland. Champlain credited the story of a tribe of white men living upon the shores of a sea beyond the wilderness into which he had penetrated. Father Hennepin's "Journal" describes a journey down the Mississippi to its mouth, a journey he never took. Within the last ten years was published the autobiography of Louis de Rougemont, who declared he had been shipwrecked upon an island near the coast of Australia, finally gaining the mainland and becoming a cannibal chief. He deceived geographical experts and learned societies and found a publisher. A wife, who had not been taken into his confidence, turned up and ruined a very promising beginning in the collection of honors and fortune.

This record is not recited for the purpose of casting any reflections upon Dr. Cook. Until the scientists have made up their minds or found agreement the press will keep out of the quarrel. No additional forces are needed to furnish ginger.

EXPERIMENTAL ROADS.

The good roads movement is complicated by the uncertainty which prevails as to the best and most economical material to employ. There are decided differences of opinion throughout the United States and the situation is made the more confusing because of the exceedingly active agitation of those who have materials or patented machinery to sell.

The department of agriculture is conducting an experiment in connection with Cornell university which should be of immense help to road makers and county commissioners. A highway in New York which bears a heavy traffic is divided into sections of 100 yards each and different forms of material are laid—macadam, granite, slag, tarred stone and asphalt preparations. A careful account is kept, records made of the time necessary to lay the road bed and the conditions under which it was necessary to work.

The road will be completed this fall. It will be watched closely and about a year hence a painstaking inspection will be made. It is hoped at that time data can be published and recommendations offered which will be of value.

The good roads idea is taking a closer and closer hold upon the country. It would be seriously injured if even a small proportion of the new highways laid should prove more costly than a community should be asked to pay, or should prove to wear too quickly and throw the roads back to their old state of disrepute.

THE SCREAMING EAGLE.

The quarrel of the explorers aside, Americans have excellent excuse for bringing forth and parading their achievements. Reaching the North Pole is but one of a series of conquests which has been crowded into a period of hardly a century in length.

The Boston Globe presents this list:

Americans were the first to demonstrate the feasibility of relying on a citizen soldiery to defend the land and its institutions against foreign or domestic attack.

Americans were the first to abolish titular distinctions and to deprive social eminence of any support save character or the consensus of those who choose to consider themselves as socially elect.

It was an American who invented the steamship.

An American invented the telegraph.

An American invented the telephone.

An American invented the electric light.

An American invented the reaper, which makes it possible to feed the billion and more people on this planet.

It was an American, too, who invented the sewing machine.

Americans also were the conquerors of pain when they discovered how, by means of sulphuric ether, the tenderest human nerves could be made insensible to the surgeon's steel.

Americans opened the ports of Japan to the nations of the world, made a path into darkest Africa, and now two Americans crown the geographical achievements of their countrymen by discovering the north pole.

The Globe, being of Boston, which is said to recognize nothing officially later than the year 1873, will have to be forgiven for failing to mention that Americans invented the flying machine. Ohio will never forget that—or let anyone else do so, if she can help it.

RURAL MAIL DELIVERY IN OHIO

Next to Illinois, Ohio has the greatest number of rural free mail deliveries. Whether this is due to the administration of the postoffice department or to the influence of the state's representatives in Washington, it would probably be indiscreet to inquire, since advantages gained through politics are not always pleasant things to recognize. It is good, however, to know that the farmers and the villagers within our borders are given such consideration by Uncle Sam.

It is amusing to recall a few of the objections raised when the first experiments were made in rural delivery. It was argued that the country folk would become more isolated inasmuch as the magnet of the town postoffice would be removed. The small town newspapers feared the competition of the city press and the weekly papers and periodical, many of them, dreaded lest their finis had been written by governmental decree. Merchants were troubled by the aid thus thrown to the mail order houses.

Since the establishment of the service farmers have become greater travelers than they were before, though, of course, not because of it. The small town newspaper field is as important a one as ever. In the case of the weeklies we cite the instance of the Weekly Blade, which has now a circulation all but touching the quarter million mark. The mail order competition has been met.

The number of rural routes in Ohio is 2,529. Better roads might lengthen the distance each carrier covers, but by the time the highways are raised to the ideal the state desires, the increase in rural population will doubtless call for the doubling of the number of routes.

The Use of Flowers.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.
We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night—
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by!

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;
To comfort man—to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For who so careth for the flowers
Will care much more for Him.

—Mary Howitt.

POSTCARD ROMANCES

Miner Goes to Cornwall to Wed Girl Whose Photograph He Saw.

London Daily Mail.

A 6,000 mile journey from British Columbia to Tregehan, a little Cornish village near St. Austell, has just been undertaken by an Anglo-Italian miner in quest of a Cornish girl whom he had never seen and whom he is to marry today.

A picture postcard of a village group brought the pair together. Mrs. Phillips, one of the villagers, sent the card to her son, a miner in British Columbia, who showed it to his friend in the mining camp. One of the men, Antonio Metasso, greatly attracted by the face of a girl in the group, wrote a note to her, which was inclosed in Phillips' next letter home.

The girl, Rosina Harper, a charming brunette of 16, replied and the correspondence continued until a few weeks ago Matasso wrote that he was coming to England. The lovers, who had not seen each other before, met and arranged the wedding for today.

The village will be gayly decorated with flags and mottoes of welcome in honor of the day. Metasso, who is the son of an English mother and an Italian father, is a man of about 30, tall, with dark eyes and a ruddy complexion.

King Menelik and the Cannon.

London Globe.

While we are hearing such contradictory reports of the health of Menelik, it is a variation to read an anecdote of the negus, even if it shows him in an unlovable light. A Paris contemporary recalls the story that some years ago Baron Mylius visited the negus, taking with him, among other presents, two small mountain cannon.

The negus was delighted. How many enemies would they kill? Pointing to a tree, the potentate said, "Fire by the side of the tree." The baron used his glass and pointed out that a whole family seemed to be taking the shade at the spot. "Yes," replied Menelik; "it was the tree I was thinking about," and it was only with the greatest difficulty that his majesty was prevailed upon to choose another target. However, all's well that ends well. The negus was delighted with his present, and so was the baron, for he came away the owner of a fine coffee plantation.

Money in Rats.

Indianapolis News.

The only good rats are dead rats. Alive, the rat carries disease. Dead, it may have a commercial value. The skin is fine material for book covers and for making purses and photograph frames. It may also be used in the manufacture of gloves for women, and in several of the great cities the rat killing industry is assuming proportions. The rat in Scandinavia, as well as the species known as the Norwegian, a big, bothersome rodent because of its fighting proclivities, is particularly valuable for the purposes named. The bodies can be converted into fertilizing material. Thus, in many commercial centers abroad, is the rat being killed by the many thousands not because it is a menace to public safety, but because uses have been found for the heretofore worthless hide. The time may come when the rat will be hunted assiduously in this country, not only because of the money that's in it, but because it is our enemy.

An English Racing Story.

Tit Bits.

To an owner of race horses there are few more expensive luxuries than an unsound animal, and therefore the recent disappointment of a certain youthful noble lord who manfully gave 1,500 guineas for a bargain which turned out to be woefully dejected in his "understandings" can readily be understood.

"Let me see; you are the rascal who sold me a horse with only three legs and a swinger," he said one day, chancing to bump up against the horse's late owner in the paddock at Kempton. "Certainly," replied the late owner, gleefully, "that is to say, if you are really the idiot I sold him to."

Up-to-Date Philadelphia.

Philadelphia Record.

Advancement along hygienic lines as well as those dictated by the policy of preservation of property is shown by many real estate holders lately by the use of several new appliances. One of these, which is in great favor among Chestnut street business houses, is a small piece of corrugated metal designed for match scratching. A short stroke in the manner usual to its use, and it not only protects the woodwork and stonework of the buildings that have adopted it, but is appreciated by would-be smokers, who find it convenient. Another scheme which has been adopted by at least half a dozen stores doing business on the cross streets between Market and Chestnut is the placing conveniently near their doors, either on the sidewalk or just within the building, of bottles of spring water and ice tanks labeled "Free."

Properly Equipped.

Motorton—"I notice Joyryde has his touring car equipped with two horns; extra cautious, isn't he?"

Swift—"Conscientious, rather."

"How's that?"

"Why, he calls the car 'The Red Devil!'"

Alaska's Coal Question

A few years ago large areas of excellent coal were discovered in Alaska. As the law stood prior to May, 1908, individual holdings of coal lands in Alaska were limited to 160 acres. Because of repeated assertions that, under the conditions existing in Alaska it was impossible to operate successfulyl areas so small, a bill was passed by congress providing for a consolidation of entries.

The law of May, 1908, was entitled "An act to encourage the development of coal deposits in the Territory of Alaska." It provided for the consolidation of locations made in good faith prior to November 12, 1906, or in accordance with the terms of a circular of instruction issued by the secretary of the interior and dated May 16, 1907. Provision was made for the consolidation of claims or locations or purchases into a single holding "not to exceed 2,500 acres of contiguous lands," provided that "no corporation shall be permitted to consolidate its claims under this act unless 75 per cent of its stock shall be held by persons qualified to enter coal lands in Alaska." Assuming the existence of a four-foot vein of coal on a 2,560 acre tract it is estimated that the yield would be 10,000,000 tons, a quantity regarded as sufficient to justify operation.

The obvious purpose of the law of May, 1908, was to permit the development of the Alaskan veins while prohibiting a monopoly of the industry. Section 3 of the law declares:

That if any of the lands or deposits purchased under the provisions of this act shall be owned, leased, trusteed, possessed, or controlled by any device permanently, temporarily, directly, indirectly, tacitly, or in any manner whatsoever so that they form part of, or in any way effect any combination, or are in any wise controlled by any combination in the form of an unlawful trust, or form the subject of any contract or conspiracy in restraint of trade in the mining or selling of coal, or any holding of such lands by any individual, partnership, association, corporation, mortgage, stock ownership, or control in excess of 2,560 acres in the district of Alaska, the title thereto shall be forfeited to the United States by proceedings instituted by the attorney general of the United States in the courts for that purpose.

It appears to be an earnest effort to prevent any monopoly or effective control of the Alaskan coal deposits. The success of the efforts remains for determination. The areas of special importance are not yet available for commercial purposes because of the present lack of transportation facilities. Work on railways running into the coal districts has been suspended, and it is fair to assume that the cause of suspension was the uncertainty of titles in the coal districts. Within the last few days this matter has been brought to public attention. The law of 1908 provides for the consolidation of their locations by original entrymen, their heirs or assigns. The charge is made that some and perhaps many of the entries were illegally made, that they were "dummy" entries, or that they were made under some arrangement for subsequent transfer to an association or corporation. Titles are of course defective if the original entries were not made in conformity with the law, and Attorney General Wickersham has expressed his opinion that entries would be illegal if made under any agreement or contract on the part of entrymen which would have "vested in one association or corporation the title to the lands embraced in several entries."

The purpose of the law of 1908 is meritorious. The value of these properties is beyond question enormous. They belonged originally to the government; that is, to the people of the United States. Their transfer to organizations or to an organization of monopolistic power or even with controlling influence would be an outrage. Under the law the government sells Alaska coal land at a flat rate of $10 an acre, or $25,600 for a 2,560 acre tract. If such a tract carries 10,000,000 tons of coal marketable at $3 to $4 a ton in competition with dutiable coal from the Vancouver Island mines, the opportunity for a gross abuse of privilege is obvious. Better a little delay and a safe conclusion of the matter than a hasty decision and wholesale robbery.

Insomnia.

Puck.

There are a number of good ways in which insomnia may be cured. For the benefit of our readers we give a few of them below:

Secure ten feet of stout rope. Make a running noose in one end and attach the other to the blind of a second story window. Then place the noose around your neck and leap lightly from the ledge. This is one of the best cures for insomnia that we know of.

With the first approach of sleeplessness, lie flat on your back and count slowly and distinctly up to 2,345,434,565,456,789. Long before you have come to the end of this number you will be surprised to see the glint of the morning sun peeping through your bedroom window.

Suspend above your head a boulder plucked from the nearest stone quarry. When ready for sleep, cut the cord to which the stone is attached and at the same time gaze fixedly in the direction from which you have reason to believe the stone will approach.

Fill your lungs with anything that may be at hand, such as pincushions, dancing slippers, cigar butts, etc. Then respire slowly and deeply.

Not What He Expected.

London Tit-Bits.

A doctor in a Yorkshire village lately gave up his house, and was succeeded in it by a veterinary surgeon. Before he had been many weeks in his new home the "vet" was awakened in the early hours of a rather bleak spring morning. Opening the window, he heard a voice call out of the darkness:

"Can you come with me at once, mister? She's very bad."

The surgeon dressed, and found a trap waiting to take him to a farm two or three miles away from the village. On the way he asked a few questions about the case he was to attend.

"I'm afraid there's very little hope for her," said the farmer. "She's been ailing now, you see, for 10 years, and she's getting pretty old as well."

Annoyed at being called out at such an hour to see an obviously not very valuable animal, the veterinary surgeon exclaimed: "Why on earth don't you shoot her?"

Then the "vet" understood that it was the previous tenant who was wanted.

GOLDFIELD'S LAWN

Bit of Verdure Imported at a Cost of $1,000 Vanishes in Sandspout.

Housewives who cannot be happy without their little gardens and their window boxes, their potted palms, rubber plants and trailing vines had better make a wide detour of the Nevada desert. Nothing grows in the treasure hills and vales of the Great Basin save the Joshua tree, a shabby variety of Yucca palm, sage brush and the greasewood bush, and there is not enough nourishment in these to supply the most hardy little family of jack rabbits. It is the rankest of vegetation, fibrous, scrawny, deathlike, and it sprouts from a flinty alkaline soil that has been barren of blossom since it originally emerged from chaos in masses of molten lava.

In Goldfield there was the wife of a bonanza mine operator who pined for a little lawn. Her husband freighted down from the Washoe range a thousand-dollar carload of sod. It was carefully laid out before the tiny cottage by an expert gardener borrowed from a garden estate in southern California for the purpose, and generously sprinkled with water bought by the gallon. It was summer time and usually 100 degrees in the shade at noon. For a day or two the liberally watered sod looked quite fresh, and a few blades of grass raised their heads proudly. Hundreds came from miles around to feast their eyes on this little patch of verdant green.

The gold miner's wife was overjoyed and sent to Sacramento for a box of rosebushes. She would have a little oasis of her own. But, alas, one shimmering afternoon it began to blow. Spirals of sand rose up on the hill slopes and danced down the trails into the camp, gaining velocity and volume with every revolution. First came one little sandspout and tripped a springtly saraband on the little lawn; then came another, a trifle larger, and danced like a mad Dervisher from corner to corner of the square of sod. Presently a very ballet of sandspouts were performing their bewildering evolutions about the cottage, merging at last one into the other and becoming a prodigious whirl blast of alkaline dust. And when this cruel visitation had passed the little lawn had vanished. Deluged with a reeking waste of water not a solitary blade of grass could be brought to raise its head. The poisonous dust had killed swiftly and thoroughly.—Good Housekeeping.

Consumption of Tobacco.

Buffalo Courier.

From the latest obtainable statistics it appears that in France the consumption is 2.2 pounds per capita; in England, 2 pounds; in Austria, 2.9 pounds; in Hungary, 2.4 pounds; in Italy, 1.1 pounds, and in the United States a little over 6 pounds for every man, woman and child, or over 17 pounds for every male citizen over 16 years of age. In other words, the consumption of tobacco in this country is from three to six times what it is in most civilized countries. Since 1870 the increase of per capita consumption in the United States has been over 250 per cent., compared to 25 per cent for France and 56 per cent for England.

Equally surprising is the difference in the revenue obtained from tobacco taxes by different countries. For instance, according to a table prepared by the department of commerce and labor, the average combined internal revenue and custom taxes on tobacco in the United States is 17 cents a pound; in Great Britain, 74 cents a pound; in Italy, 93 cents a pound; in Austria, 40 cents a pound; in Hungary, 33 cents a pound; in France, 85 cents a pound.

Last year we obtained $87,000,000 of revenue from tobacco. If the French taxes had been applied to our consumption, we would have received over $436,000,000. If the British taxes had been applied we would have received $380,000,000.

It is shown that if France had a per capita consumption equal to that of the United States and applied her present tobacco taxes, she would receive $200,000,000 a year instead of $75,000,000. The same process in Great Britain would bring $192,000,000 a year instead of $64,000,000.

Not Enough Good Horses.

Cleveland Leader.

A table has been compiled from the statistics of the census bureau and the department of agriculture, which shows that the rise in the market value of horses has been all out of proportion in the last 15 years to the increase in their number in the United States. From 1893 to 1908 the horse population, so to speak, increased 3,785,000, or 23 per cent. In the same period the gain in the number of human inhabitants was 21,979,000, or 33 per cent. But the increase in the value of the horses in this country was no less than $875,300,000, or 58 per cent.

These facts will astonish many persons who have supposed that the growth of the automobile interest has been averse to the horse breeders and to the market demand for horses. On the contrary, the prices obtained for good horses, especially for heavy draft animals of blood and stamina, have risen far beyond the hopes of horse dealers, a few years ago. Horses are worth about 50 per cent more in proportion to their number than they were in 1893.

Unprejudiced.

Success Magazine.

Mike McGinnis was being examined for jury duty in a murder trial.

"Mr. McGinnis," asked the judge, "have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar?"

"No, sir," replied Mike.

"Have you any conscientious scruples against capital punishment?"

"Not in this case, your honor," Mike replied.

G. A. R. in Foreign Lands.

St. John (N. B.) Globe.

The first Grand Army post in Europe has lately been organized at Oldham, in Lancashire, England, where 20 former union soldiers reside. Although it is the first European post, it is not the first outside the limits of the United States, as there are already four in Canada, one in Peru, and one in Honolulu. There are, according to the United States pension commissioner, about 5,000 pensioners residing in foreign countries.

Varieties

One aeroplane factory of Paris employs 52 persons.

Of the 825 gondolas in Venice, 250 belong to private parties.

The United States has 200,000,000 apple trees.

The eyes of a chameleon move independently of each other.

More than 3,000 camphor trees have been set out in Florida.

Smyrna figs flourish in the San Juan valley, Cal., as in their native land.

Naples is one of the few European cities where rents have remained very low.

The Rio Grande is shrinking and efforts are being made to preserve its waters.

A mill will be established shortly in Sweden for spinning yarn from paper.

At the beginning of the present year the population of Australia was 4,275,000.

Germany's imports of palm and palmetto leaves exceeds 300 tons a year.

Trees bearing sour oranges have grown wild along Florida swamps for hundreds of years.

In the list of the imports of this country, bananas stand 24th in point of value.

It is figured that a million and a quarter persons pass in and out of London each day.

The Swedish government is seriously considering the establishment of a tobacco monopoly.

A loaf of bread will keep much longer if placed in a covered stone crock than in a tin box.

Electric rail welding is said to prevent a large portion of the noise of the passage of the rolling stock.

It has been announced that an airship line will be in operation soon between Potsdam and Berlin.

The city of Prague harbors an architect who rejoices in a name disfigured by no vowels, viz., Rtkrz.

Despite the advance of steam there still are nearly 66,000 sailing vessels in use in the world.

Several German steelmakers are experimenting commercially with producing the metal in the electric furnace.

In some English workhouses paupers have golf outfits given them and use of grounds for playing the game.

There are now about 700,000 cows in Japan. Until a few years ago the natives did not care for milk, butter or cheese.

The cigar business in the British Isles has declined largely in late years, owing to the increasing taste for cigaret smoking.

In the state of Washington 27 per cent of the area is still in reservations, the greater extent being of forestry reserves.

In Japan official reports show that 98 boys and 93 girls of every 100 of school age attend school.

The south, with 27 per cent of the total area of the United States, contains about 42 per cent of the total forest area of the country.

Mme. Surcouf, just re-elected president of the Stella, the woman's aero club of Paris, is the leading woman balloonist of the world.

Some aesthetic women in London now use a rose perfume when they wear a rose-tinted gown, and a violet perfume with a violet costume.

In the last year Ghent, Belgium, exported to the United States rabbit skins valued at nearly a million and a half. All kinds of furs for my lady.

After being at liberty for 10 days, a canary belonging to T. Kirk, of Tiverton, England, returned to its cage with another bird of the same species.

The total length of road operated under the block system at the beginning of the year was 59,548 miles, a net increase over the previous year of 879.

One of the exhibits at Seattle is a model of a house and stable, showing how rats, the carriers of bubonic plague, can be kept at a respectful distance.

The twelfth international congress on alcoholism, held in London, was attended by about 1,400 members, including 400 delegates from abroad.

In the whole of Germany 141 persons were killed by automobiles and motorcycles during the year, 2,630 were injured, and 5,000 cases of damage were reported.

A composition of wax and pitch is now being used instead of glue in the making of organs for tropical countries, where the damp climate causes glue to peel off.

At the parish church of Kleinbauchlitz, Germany, a widower named Forbrig and his son were married respectively to a widow named Schneider and her daughter.

In Athens there are good dentists, and the people take care of their teeth. In the rest of Greece the dentistry is usually performed by the barber, who only pulls teeth.

On account of its great strength drawn glass is being widely resorted to for many purposes. It withstands sudden changes of temperature, resists fire to a great extent and is very strong.

Eleven large American grain elevators are to be erected at certain points on the railways leading into the growing port of Karachi, India. A vast wheat area is tributary to that port.

In the Journal of the African society the opinion is expressed by Mr. Sellous that, contrary to the general belief, giraffes and elephants are in no danger of being exterminated in Africa.

One of the most fantastic ballooning projects of the past was that of an Austrian who suggested, nearly a century ago, that balloons might be guided in any desired direction with the aid of trained eagles.

Belgium has more than 1,200 agricultural associations, such as farmers' clubs, apiarian societies, horticultural and avicultural associations, syndicates for the improvement of cattle, goats, swine, rabbits, etc.

In the number of cotton spindles, Great Britain, with nearly 52,000,000, and the United States, with 27,000,000, are far ahead of other countries. Germany comes next, with 9,592,855, followed by France, with 7,006,428.

The world's record flight of a kite is 23,111 feet above sea level. The kite started from a mountain top where the temperature was 79 degrees above zero and at its highest point reached 5.4 degrees below zero.

Trading on the coasts of Madagascar are 425 small schooners. James G. Carter, our consul at Tamatave, says he thinks some keen Yankee could go over there and with good business fitting those busy craft with motors.

The wood preservation industry of this country during the year 1908 called for the use of 56,000,000 gallons of creosote, 19,000,000 pounds of zinc chloride, with small quantities of corrosive sublimate, crude oil and other chemicals.

Dr. Chamberlain, U. S. A., says that 60 per cent of southern bred soldiers have hook worm disease, and of many new recruits the percentage is at times as high as 85. Southern recruits are less well developed physically than northern ones.

During the winter of the year 1908 French epicures consumed over 800 tons of snails in Paris alone. The consumption has diminished since then, but it still touches the estimated figure of 80 million snails per annum for Paris.

Miss Tsuda's English school for girls in Tokio is said to be doing a pioneer work of much importance in Japan. She is really laying the foundation for higher education among Japanese women. The enrollment for several years has been about 150 pupils.

The meeting of the British association in 1913 will in all probability be held in Australia. The effort is being made by the officials of the University of Melbourne, who are now in correspondence with the various educational and scientific bodies of the southern continent.

A schoolboy of 13, named Paul Duard, whose one-act play was presented as a curtain-raiser at the theatre in Champigny-la-Bataille, France, shrugged his shoulders when the audience applauded him and explained that he only wrote when he felt bored during the holidays.

A radical cure for inebriety is attributed to Zaleucus, who flourished about 500 B. C. He ordered that any invalid who took wine in contravention of his physician's orders should be put to death. This story is interesting as showing an attitude toward alcoholic beverages supposed to be ultra modern.

Mrs. Carrie Doherty King, of Crystal Springs, Miss., is the only woman mail carrier in her state. She delivers mail on a rural route, making a circuit of about 25 miles a day. In her girlhood she won many trophies for her horsemanship, an accomplishment that is now of great service to her.

Mr. Gabet, a French inventor, has recently conducted some very successful

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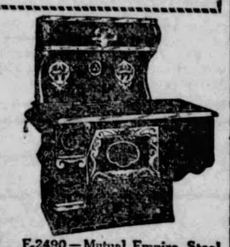

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PEARY DESCRIBES PERILS

Discoverer of the Pole, in Blade's Exclusive Dispatches, Gives Ungrudging Credit to the Men Who Helped Him.

Advances Over Desert of Snow

By Robert E. Peary, Commander U. S. N.

Battle Harbor, Labrador, Via Marconi Wireless to Cape Ray, N. F., Sept. 9.—The steamer Roosevelt, bearing the North Polar expedition of the Peary Arctic club, parted company with the Erk and steamed out of Etah Ford late in the afternoon of August 18, 1908, setting the usual course for Cape Sabine. The weather was dirty, with fresh southerly winds. We had on board 22 Eskimo men, 17 women and 10 children, 226 dogs and some 40 odd walrus.

We encountered the ice a short distance from the mouth of the harbor, but it was not closely packed and was negotiated by the Roosevelt without serious trouble. As we neared Cape Sabine the weather cleared somewhat and we passed close by Three Voort Island and Cape Sabine, easily making out with the naked eye the house at Hayes Harbor occupied by me in the winter of 1902-03.

From Cape Sabine north there was so much water that we thought of setting the lug sail before the southerly wind; but a little later a piece of ice to the northward stopped this. There was clean, open water to Cape Abert, and from there scattered ice to a point about abreast of Victoria Head, thick weather and dense ice bringing us some 10 or 15 miles away.

WORKED TO NORTHWARD.

From here we drifted south somewhat, and then got a slant to the northward out of the current. We worked a little further north, and stopped again for some hours, then we again worked westward by northward till we reached a series of lakes, coming to a stop a few miles south of the Windward's winter quarter at Cape Durville.

From here, after some days, we slowly worked a way northeastward, through fog and broken ice of medium thickness throughout the night and the forenoon of the next day, only emerging into open water and clear weather off Cape Fraser. From this point we had a clear run through the middle of Rebeson channel, uninterrupted by either ice or fog, to Lady Franklin bay. Here we encountered ice and fog, and while working along in search of a practicable opening, we were forced across to the coast of Thank God Harbor.

The fog lifted there and enabled us to make out our whereabouts and we steamed north through series of lakes past Cape Lupton, and thence southward toward Cape Union. A few miles off that cape we were stopped by impracticable ice, and we drifted back south to Cape Union, where we stopped again.

We lay for some time in a lake of water, and then, to prevent being drifted south again, took refuge under the north shore of Lincoln bay, in nearly the identical place where we had our unpleasant experience three years before. Here we remained for several days during a period of constant and at times violent northeasterly winds.

Twice Forced Aground.

Twice we were forced aground by the heavy ice; we had our port quarter rail broken and a hole stove in the bulwarks; and twice we pushed out in an attempt to get north, but we were forced back each time to our precarious shelter.

Finally, on September 2, we squeezed around Cape Union and made fast in a shallow niche in the ice; but after some hours we made another short run to Black Cape and hung to a grounded bit of ice. At last, a little after midnight of September 5, we passed through extremely heavy running ice, into a stream of open water, rounded Cape Rawson and passed Cape Sheridan.

Within a quarter of an hour of the same time we arrived three years before—7 a. m., September 5—we reached the open water extending beyond Cape Sheridan. We steamed up to the end of it, and it appeared practicable at first to reach Porter Bay, near Cape Joseph Henley, which had formerly been my winter quarters.

But the outlook being unsatisfactory, I went back and put the Roosevelt into the only opening in the floe, being barred close to the mouth of the Sheridan river, a little north of our position three years previous.

The season was further advanced than in 1905; there was more snow on the ground and the new ice inside the floe bergs was much thicker. The work of discharging the ship was commenced at once and rushed to completion.

The supplies and equipment were sledded across ice and sea and deposited on shore. A house and workshop were built of boards, covered with sails and filled with stoves, and the ship was snug for winter, in shoal water, where she touched bottom at low tide.

Call Settlement Hubbardville.

This settlement on the stormy shores of the Arctic ocean, was christened Hubbardville. Hunting parties were sent out on September 10 and a bear was brought in on the 12th, and some deer later.

On September 15 full work of transporting supplies to Cape Columbia was inaugurated. Prof. Marvin, with Dr. Goodsell and Borup and the Eskimos took 16 sled loads of supplies to Cape Belknap, and on the 27th the same party started with loads to Porter Bay.

The work of hunting and transporting supplies was prosecuted continuously by the members of the party and the Eskimos until November 5th, when the supplies of the spring sled trip had been removed from winter quarters and deposited in various places from Cape Colan to Cape Columbia.

In the latter part of September the movement of the ice subjected the ship to a pressure which listed her to port some eight or 10 degrees and she didn't recover till the following spring.

On October 1 I went on a hunt with two Eskimos across the field and Parr Bay, and the peninsula; made the circuit of Clements Markham inlet, and returned to the ship on the seventh day with 15 musk oxen, a bear and a deer. Later in October I repeated the trip, obtaining five musk oxen and other hunting parties brought in some 40 deer.

Prof. MacMillan went to Columbia in November, and obtained a month of tidal observations, returning in December. In the December moon, Borup moved the Hecla depot to Cape Colan; Bartlett made a hunting trip overland to Lake Hazen, and Hansen went to Clements Markham Inlet. In the January moon Marvin crossed Robeson channel, and went to Cape Bryant for tidal and meteorological observations. Bartlett crossed the channel, and made the circuit of Newman Bay, and explored the peninsula. After he returned, Goodsell went to Markham Inlet and Borup toward Lake Hazen, in the interior, on hunting trips.

In the February moon Bartlett went to Cape Hecla, and Goodsell moved some more supplies from Hecla to Cape Colan, and Borup went to Markham Inlet on a hunting trip. On February 1 Bartlett left the Roosevelt with his division for Cape Columbia and Parr Bay. Goodsell, Borup, MacMillan and Hansen followed on successive days, with their provisions. Marvin returned from Bryants on February 17, and left for Cape Columbia February 21. I brought up the rear February 22.

The total of all divisions leaving the Roosevelt were seven members of the party, 59 Eskimos, 140 dogs and 23 sledges.

Expected Rough Ice.

By February 27 such of the Cape Colan depot as was needed had been brought up to Cape Columbia, the dogs were rested and double rationed and harnessed and the sledges and other gear overhauled. Four months of northerly winds during the fall and winter, instead of southerly ones as during the previous season, led me to expect less open weather than before, but a great deal of rough ice, and I was prepared to hew a road through the jagged ice for the first 100 miles or so, and then cross the big lead.

On the last day of February Bartlett, with his pioneer division, accomplished this, and his division got away due north over the ice on March 1. The remainder of the party got away on Bartlett's trail, and I followed an hour later. The party now comprised seven members of the expedition, 17 Eskimos, 133 dogs and 19 sledges. One Eskimo and seven dogs had gone to Pierce. A strong easterly wind, drifting snow and temperature in minus marked our departure from the camp at Cape Columbia, which I had christened Crane City.

Rough ice in the first march damaged several sledges and smashed two beyond repair, the team going back to Columbia for other sledges in reserve there. We camped 10 miles from Crane City. The easterly winds and low temperature continued. On the second march we passed the British record made by Markham in May, 1876—82:20—and were stopped by open water which had been formed by the wind after Bartlett passed.

In this march we negotiated the lead and reached Bartlett's third camp. Borup had gone back from here but missed his way, owing to the faulting of the trail by the movement of the ice. Marvin came back also for more fuel. The wind continued forming open water all about us.

Sun Appears Once More.

At the end of the fourth march we came upon Bartlett, who had stopped by a wide lake of open water. We remained here from March 4 to March 11. At noon of March 5 the sun, red and shaped like a football by excessed reflections, just raised itself above the horizon for a few minutes and then disappeared. It was the first time I had seen it since October 10. I now began to feel a good deal of anxiety because there were no signs of Marvin and Borup, who should have been there for two days. Besides, they had the alcohol and oil which were indispensable for two. We concluded that they had either lost their trail or were imprisoned on an island by open water, probably the latter.

Fortunately, on March 11, the lead was practicable, and leaving a note for Marvin and Borup to push on after us by forced marches, we proceeded northwest. The sounding of the lead gave 110 fathoms.

During this march we crossed the 84th parallel, and traversed a succession of just frozen leads from a few hundred yards to a mile in width. This march was really simple.

On the 14th we got free of the leads, and came on decent going. While we were making camp a courier from Marvin came and informed me he was on the march in the rear. The temperature was 59 below zero. The following morning, March 15, I sent Hansen, with his division, north to pioneer a trail for five marches, and Dr. Goodsell, according to the program, started back to Cape Columbia. At night, Marvin and Borup came spinning in with their men and dogs, steaming in the bitter air like a squadron of battleships. Their arrival relieved me of anxiety as to our oil supply.

In the morning I discovered that McMillan's foot was badly frost bitten. The mishap occurred two or three days before, but McMillan had said nothing about it, in the hope that it would come out all right. A glance at the injury showed me that the only thing was to send him back to Cape Columbia at once. The arrival of Marvin and Borup enabled me to spare sufficient men and dogs to go back with him. This early loss of McMillan was seriously disappointing to me. He had a sledge all the way from Cape Columbia, and with his enthusiasm and the physique of the trained athlete, I had confidence in him for at least the 86th parallel, but there was no alternative.

Best Teams Are Chosen.

The best sledge and dogs were selected, and the sledge loads brought up to the standard. The sounding gave a depth of 325 fathoms.

We were over the continual shelf, and, as I had surmised, the successive leads crossed in the fifth and sixth marches composed the big lead and marked the continual shelf. On leaving the camp the expedition comprised 16 men, 12 sledges and 100 dogs.

The next march was satisfactory as regards distance and character of going. In the latter part there were pronounced movementsc in the ice, and audible. Some leads were crossed, in one of which Borup and his team took a bath and we were finally stopped by an impracticable lead opening in front of us. We camped in a temperature of 50 below. At the end of two short marches we came upon Hansen and his party in camp mending their sledges. We devoted the remainder of the day to overhauling and mending sledges and breaking up our damaged one for material.

The next morning I put Marvin in the lead to pioneer the trail, with instructions to make two forced marches to bring up our average, which had been cut down by the last two short ones. Marvin carried out his instructions implicitly. A certain amount of young ice assisted in this. At the end of the tenth march, latitude 85:20, Borup turned back in command of the second supporting party, having traveled a distance equivalent to Nansen's distance from this far to his farthest north. I was sorry to lose this young Yale runner with his enthusiasm and his pluck; he had led his heavy sledge over the floes in a way that commanded everyone's admiration and would have made his father's eyes glisten.

Get Continual Daylight.

From this point the expedition comprised 20 men, 10 sledges and 70 dogs. It was necessary for Marvin to take sledge from here and I put Bartlett and his division in advance to pioneer the trail. The continual daylight enabled me to make a moderation here that brought my advance and main parties closer together and reduced the likelihood of their being separated by the open leads.

After Bartlett left camp with Henderson and their division Marvin and I remained with our division 24 hours and then followed. When we reached Bartlett's camp he broke out and went on and we turned in. By this arrangement the advance party was traveling while the main party was asleep, and vice versa, and I was in touch with my advance party every 24 hours.

I had no reason to complain of the going for the next two marches, though for a less experienced party, less adaptable sledges or less perfect equipment it would have been an impossibility.

At our position at the end of the second march, Marvin obtained a satisfactory sight for latitude in the clear weather, which placed us at 85:48. This result agreed very satisfactorily with the dead reckoning of Marvin, Bartlett and myself. Up to this time the slight altitude of the sun had made it not worth while to waste time in observation.

On the next two marches, the going improved and we covered good distances. In one other march a lead delayed us a few hours.

We finally crossed on the ice cakes. The next day Bartlett let himself out and evidently for a record, and reeled off 20 miles. Here Marvin observed another satisfactory sight on latitude which gave the position as 86:38 (or beyond the farthest north of Nansen and Abruzzi) and showed that we had covered 50 minutes of latitude in three marches. In these three marches we had passed the Norwegian record of 86:14 by Nansen and the Italian record of 86:34 by Cagni. From this point Marvin turned back in command in the third supporting party. My last words to him were: "Be careful of the leads, my boy."

Level Ice All Around.

The party from this point comprised nine men, seven sledges and 60 dogs. The condition at this camp and the apparently unbroken expanse of fairly level ice in every direction reminded me of Cagni's description of his farthest north, but I was not deceived by the apparently favorable notes, for available condition never continued for any length of time in the Arctic region. The north march was over good going, but for the first time since leaving land we experienced that condition frequent over these ice fields, of a hazy atmosphere in which the light is equal everywhere. All relief is destroyed and it is impossible to see for any distance.

We were obliged in this march to make a detour for an open lead. In the next march we encountered the heaviest and deepest snow of the journey, through a thick, smothering mantle. Lying in the depressions of heavy rubble ice I came upon Bartlett and his party, fagged out and temporarily discouraged by the heart-racking of making a road.

I knew what was the matter with them. They were simply spoiled by the good going on the previous days. I rallied them a bit, lightened their sleds and they were encouraged again. During the next march we traveled through a thick drifting over the ice before a biting air from the northeast. At the end of the march we came upon the captain, camped beside a wide open lead, with a dense black water sky northwest, north and northeast. We built our igloos and turned in, but before I had fallen asleep I was aroused out by a movement of the ice and found a startling condition of affairs—a rapidly widening road of black water ran but a few feet from our igloos.

Menaced by Great Danger.

One of the teams of dogs had escaped by only a few feet from being dragged by the movement of the ice into the water. Another team had an equally narrow escape from being crushed by the ice blocks piled over them. The ice, on the north side of the lead, was moving around eastward in the open water and the side of our igloos threatened to follow suit.

Kicking out the door of the igloos I called to the captain's men to pack their sledges and be ready for a quick dash, when a favorable chance arrived. We hurried our things on our sledges, hitched the dogs and moved on to a large floe west of us. Then leaving one man to look out for the dogs and sleds we hurried over to assist the captain's party to join us.

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Continued on Page 7, Second Column.

SOMETHING NEW, DIFFERENT, UNEXPECTED, WONDERFUL

Readers listen sharp! Don't miss. Investigate. Here's the best thing ever happened. Hundreds of years coming—here at last—so startling you may not believe it at first—yet absolutely true.

INGENIOUS OHIOAN INVENTS A NEW DEVICE THAT CLEANS FAMILY WASHING IN 30 TO 50 MINUTES WHILE YOU REST.

No Rubbing. No Chemicals. No Motor. No Wash Machine.

Astonishing but true. Proven facts. No Experiment. Circulars give full details. Thousands praise it. NO SUCH DEVICE SOLD IN STORES. Unlike anything you've seen or heard of.

$6 to $20 a Day for Agents

FREE SAMPLE TO AGENTS

A Splendid Opportunity for Our Readers to Make Money, Both Men and Women. Write Today.

How often have many of our lady readers prayed for the death of wash-day troubles, for cleaning clothes without rubbing, ruining health, looks, etc.—for the man to cut washday in two.

He lives—a genius of Cincinnati has invented a new device that is proving a blessing to women folks. Made wash day, wash day troubles all over—changed wash house—there's a new way of cleaning clothes—astonishing, but true. A family washing can now be done in 30 to 50 minutes, while you rest, with less work than getting a meal. No backache, headache, heartache—much less time—no rubbing, squeezing, pounding—no injury to clothes—no **drudgery**—that's past. Goodbye wash boards, washing machines, etc. Throw them away. The easy way of cleaning clothes is here to bless our dear women.

The invention that killed wash-day troubles is named **Easy Way.** Name tells the whole story—easy on clothes, easily used, kept clean, handled; easy on women, makes wash-day easy.

See How Simple, Different, Easy.

Put **Easy Way** on any stove; add water, then soap, then clothes; that's all. In 5 to 8 minutes clothes clean. Laundries clean clothes without rubbing—the Easy Way does the same at your home. Dirt removed automatically, except to move knob occasionally. Entirely unlike old methods. Scarcely anything to do but wait between batches. The Easy Way develops energy by mechanical manipulation associated with hot water, super-heated steam, soap-suds and scalding vapor, utilized as a compound force all contained in a closed metal compartment.

Throw them away.

It is a caution how the Easy Way goes after dirt—gently, but thoroughly. Surprises all who see. Sounds strange, may be hard to believe—but listen, the writer saw it demonstrated—it's all true. No experiment—going on daily. Thousands are in use and customers are delighted. It not only **cleans without rubbing** white goods, finest laces, curtains, bed clothes—but also woolens, flannels, blankets and colored clothes. Saves time, fuel, labor, clothes, buttons, strength, looks, health and money, because there is no rubbing, wear, tear or injury. No soggy bad-smelling wood, but all metal—strong, durable, sanitary, light in weight. Always ready. Child can use it. It will therefore be seen that the Easy Way does in one operation the combined work of wash boiler, wash board and washing machine, and in 30 to 50 minutes cleans a washing which before took entire day.

THOUSANDS A WEEK.

While at the factory in Cincinnati, the writer found that this invention has caused remarkable excitement all over the U. S. Factory already rushed with thousands of orders. Evidently the company's agents are making big money as they offer good inducements to active agents and will also send a free sample to those who mean business.

As will be noticed from the engraving, this Easy Way Washer is different from any other device for cleaning clothes.

Construction very simple—easily and safely operated by anyone, and built on the latest scientific principles.

THOUSANDS PRAISE IT.

The writer was shown hundreds of letters from actual users of this grand invention, proving it a positive success and giving splendid satisfaction. The following extracts may interest our readers:

J. W. Myers, of Ga., orders 12 more and says: "**Greatest invention for womanhood, forever abolishing miserable wash-day.** I am ready to have my old washer accompany all others to the dump." J. McGee, Tenn., writes: "One young lady cleaned day's washing by old methods, in one hour with Easy Way, another in 45 minutes." A. P. Poppleton, N. Y.: "**Greatest invention on earth.** Gives perfect satisfaction. Washed bed quilts, greasy overalls and finest laces." Walter Glenn, Ohio: "Far superior to any other method. Cleans clothes perfectly **without rubbing.**" H. E. Conley, N. C., writes: "Ship 25 Easy Ways. Been out one day—have 12 orders. Beats all other washers." Mrs. Celestia Thompson, Ill.: "Easy Way exceeds all expectations. Best device I ever saw, have used washing machines 38 years." I. Beck, Ga., writes: "Enclose order. Easy Way as represented. Worked 4 days, have 15 orders." J. H. Barrett, of Ark., after ordering 38 "Easy Ways" says: "I don't understand why it does the work, but it does—you have the **grandest invention I ever heard of.**" L. D. Hendricks, of Ill.: "Beats anything I ever heard of." E. Post, of Pa.: "Received Easy Way—did a two weeks' washing in 45 minutes—clothes cleaned without any rubbing. You don't recommend them high enough." I. N. Elliott, N. C.: "My wife highly pleased. Says it's a **God send blessing to womankind.**" Lauretta Mitchell, O., writes: "Received Easy Way today. Done big washing with it in 45 minutes. Sold 3 already." H. C. Smith, Va.: "Easy Way perfectly satisfactory. Does all claimed. Friends delighted; would hardly believe their eyes."

This invention must indeed be wonderful; yes, a God-send, that requires less than an hour to clean a wash which before took an entire day.

Cleans without rubbing, squeezing—without lime, acids or other chemicals.

The writer personally saw an Easy Way in operation, and after using one in his own home is delighted with it, and after a thorough investigation can say to our readers that the Easy Way made by the Cincinnati firm seems to satisfy and delight every user, and the makers fully guarantee every one to be satisfactory or money refunded.

HOW TO GET ONE

It is not sold in stores. Write to the

Harrison Mfg. Co.,

136 Harrison Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio,

the only manufacturers of this grand invention. Send no money—simply your name and address, and they will send you circulars giving full description and testimonials from thousands of users. The price of the Easy Way, complete, ready for use, with full directions, so anyone can operate it, is only $5.00. If you prefer to order at once, do so—you won't be disappointed, as the makers fully guarantee every Easy Way, and will refund your money if not perfectly satisfactory to you. They are reliable, backed by a capital of $100,000, have been in business for years and do just as they agree. Don't fail to send for circulars anyway.

FREE SAMPLE TO AGENTS

The firm wants agents, salesmen, managers, men and women—all or part time—at home or traveling, taking orders and appointing agents. Offers splendid inducements, $30.00 to $50.00 a week. Easy Way new. Nothing else like it. World unsupplied; 5 million to be sold. Where operated people stop, get excited, watch it; 12 see, 10 buy. N. Boucher, Mass., orders 75 more and says: "Everybody wants one; best business I ever had." F. S. Wishart, N. C., sold 8 in 4 hours—(profit $24.00). R. O. Cowan, N. Y., sold 13 in 6 hours—(profit $39.00). W. C. Wilson sold 7 in half a day—(profit $21.00). W. R. Stephenson, Texas, ordered 244 in 60 days. Only 2 sales a day makes $36.00 weekly profit. One agent in Russia just ordered 1,000 new. Nothing else like it. World unsupplied; 5 million to be sold. Where operated people stop, get excited, watch it; 12 see, 10 buy. N. Boucher, Mass., orders 75 more and says: "Everybody wants one; best business I ever had." F. S. Wishart, N. C., sold 8 in 4 hours—(profit $24.00). R. O. Cowan, N. Y., going for the next two marches, though for a less experienced party, less adaptable sledges or less perfect equipment it would have been an impossibility.

At our position at the end of the second march, Marvin obtained a satisfactory sight for latitude in the clear weather, which placed us at 85:48. This result agreed very satisfactorily with the dead reckoning of Marvin, Bartlett and myself. Up to this time the slight altitude of the sun had made it not worth while to waste time in observation.

On the next two marches, the going improved and we covered good distances. In one other march a lead delayed us a few hours.

We finally crossed on the ice cakes. The next day Bartlett let himself out and evidently for a record, and reeled off 20 miles. Here Marvin observed another satisfactory sight on latitude which gave the position as 86:38 (or beyond the farthest north of Nansen and Abruzzi) and showed that we had covered 50 minutes of latitude in three marches. In these three marches we had passed the Norwegian record of 86:14 by Nansen and the Italian record of 86:34 by Cagni. From this point Marvin turned back in command in the third supporting party. My last words to him were: "Be careful of the leads, my boy."

Level Ice All Around.

The party from this point comprised nine men, seven sledges and 60 dogs. The condition at this camp and the apparently unbroken expanse of fairly level ice in every direction reminded me of Cagni's description of his farthest north, but I was not deceived by the apparently favorable notes, for available condition never continued for any length of time in the Arctic region. The north march was over good going, but for the first time since leaving land we experienced that condition frequent over these ice fields, of a hazy atmosphere in which the light is equal everywhere. All relief is destroyed and it is impossible to see for any distance.

We were obliged in this march to make a detour for an open lead. In the next march we encountered the heaviest and deepest snow of the journey, through a thick, smothering mantle. Lying in the depressions of heavy rubble ice I came upon Bartlett and his party, fagged out and temporarily discouraged by the heart-racking of making a road.

I knew what was the matter with them. They were simply spoiled by the good going on the previous days. I rallied them a bit, lightened their sleds and they were encouraged again. During the next march we traveled through a thick drifting over the ice before a biting air from the northeast. At the end of the march we came upon the captain, camped beside a wide open lead, with a dense black water sky northwest, north and northeast. We built our igloos and turned in, but before I had fallen asleep I was aroused out by a movement of the ice and found a startling condition of affairs—a rapidly widening road of black water ran but a few feet from our igloos.

Menaced by Great Danger.

One of the teams of dogs had escaped by only a few feet from being dragged by the movement of the ice into the water. Another team had an equally narrow escape from being crushed by the ice blocks piled over them. The ice, on the north side of the lead, was moving around eastward in the open water and the side of our igloos threatened to follow suit.

Kicking out the door of the igloos I called to the captain's men to pack their sledges and be ready for a quick dash, when a favorable chance arrived. We hurried our things on our sledges, hitched the dogs and moved on to a large floe west of us. Then leaving one man to look out for the dogs and sleds we hurried over to assist the captain's party to join us.

A corner of their raft impinged upon the ice on our side. For the rest of the night and during the next day the ice floes suffered the torment of the damned, surging together, opening out, groaning and grinding while the open water belched black smoke like a prairie fire. The motion ceased, the open water closed, the atmosphere to north was cleared and we rushed across before the ice should open again.

IF YOU APPRECIATE FINE WHISKEY

Write us promptly and thereby place yourself in position to receive

FREE OF COST A FULL QUART

of the best Straight Whiskey made. SECURITY CO., 316 S. Water St., CHICAGO.

Name
Address

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure. We furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1242 Detroit, Mich.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great, Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE. PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 58 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. No ff suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Soldiers who homesteaded less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to enough more land to equal 160 acres, no matter whether original entry was abandoned, relinquished or patented. Widows and other heirs are entitled. Describe fully your homestead entry. I will pay spot cash for these claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Col.

LADIES Our new **"Protector"** is safe and sure. Every woman wants one. Made of silk rubber. Price, $1.00. **Fairbank Supply House, M-M 60 Wabash Ave., Chicago.**

WANTED—Census office clerks, railway mail clerks, city carriers, postoffice clerks; examinations everywhere November 17; $600 to $1,600 yearly; short hours; annual vacation; salary twice monthly; over 10,000 appointments to be made during 1909; country and city residents equally eligible; common education sufficient; political influence unnecessary; candidates coached free. Write immediately for schedule. Franklin Institute, Dept. K 35, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED! Young Men! Railroad! Brakemen, Firemen, Motormen, Conductors. Experience unnecessary. Instructions by **Mail.** Send for application blank. Give age, and name position. **I. Railway C. I. No. 38. Indianapolis, Ind.**

Toledo Hospital, Toledo, O., 139 beds, offers 3 years' course training; exceptional opportunity; all uniforms furnished; third year $5 per month. Applications being now received for fall class. Apply Miss Clara G. Williams, Superintendent.

Sell Tobacco and Cigars—Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Experience unnecessary—we give full instructions. Address Morelock Tobacco Works, Box D 26, Danville, Virginia.

$5.70 Cash and Dinner Set free to distribute our catalogues, etc., for a big Chicago mail order house. Globe, 1200 State St., Chicago.

Marriage Paper—Highest character; incorporated; 13th year; 5,000 members; paper sealed; send 10c. W. B. Love, Box 1600, Denver, Colo.

BIG CORN CROP IN THIS STATE

Washington, Sept. 8.—The crop reporting board of the department of agriculture estimates the average condition of crops on September 1 last as follows: Corn 74.6 as compared with 79.4 on the same date last year; spring wheat 88.6 as compared with 77.6 in 1908.

In Ohio corn was rated at 87 on Sept. 1, against 82 last year and 83 as the ten year average.

Young Men Wanted
To learn the Automobile Business
BIG PAY.
Work pleasant, and demand for men great. Fit yourself for position of chauffeur or repair man. We teach you by mail to become thoroughly efficient in ten weeks and assist you to secure good position. Highly endorsed reasonable, no automobile necessary to learn. Send for first lesson today—it's free. Owners supplied with first-class chauffeurs. **Empire Auto Institute, 612 Duke Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.**
The Original Automobile School

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

3025

1921

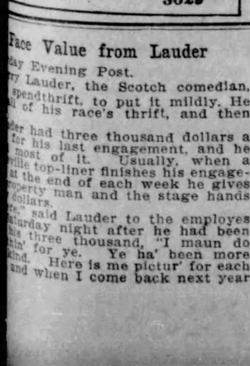
3044

2793

2747

2481

2725



2832

3029

3025—Ladies' Shirt Waist, linen, madras, pongee or taffetas are excellent for this neat model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

1921—Misses' Yoke Shirt Waist, with three-quarter length sleeves. A good model for embroidered batiste, flowered challis or organdie. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2793—Girls' Dress, with Dutch neck and three-quarter sleeves. Heavy linen, duck, cashmere or serge are all adaptable to this pretty model. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

3044—Girls' One-Piece Dress, closing at center back. Bright red serge was used for this neat little school frock. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

2481—Ladies' One-Piece Plaited Skirt, with straight lower edge. A neat model for every-day wear developed in serge or mohair. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2747—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt, closing under an inverted box-plait at center-back seam and having a double box-plait at front. Any of the season's suitings are adaptable to this model. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2108—Childs' Coat, with body and sleeves in one. A good little model for any of the season's coatings. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

2725—Girls' Dress, with Bishop or plain sleeves. Golden brown serge or cashmere would be pretty developed in this style. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2832—Ladies' One-Piece Work Apron. Any of the plain or checked ginghams, figured percale or linen are all adaptable to this serviceable model. 3 sizes—small, medium and large.

3029—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, with removable chemisette. A very stylish model developed in pongee, eolienne or taffetas. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2315

2181

2544

2302

2068

3042

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

If words of thine shall brighten one sad face,
Thy daily task reveal where Truth is strowed,
Then rest content! For there shall come a year
(And soon shall come) when back into thine ear
With ten-fold power thy words, or ill or good,
Shall speed with force that may not be withstood.

MONDAY

All come by way of birth; all go by way of death. Between the morning and the evening all toil and suffer, laugh and weep, love and hope; and surely we should be kind to each other by the way.

TUESDAY

For the beauty and bounty of the autumn, for all material gifts, for friends and home, be thankful.

WEDNESDAY

Nothing happens which has not some service to perform in working out the sublime destiny of the human soul.

THURSDAY

It costs nothing to make people feel that you have a warm heart and good will.

FRIDAY

Your goodness is of no use if you are not good to others. If you don't make use of your goodness, what is the good of it?

SATURDAY

Do any hearts beat faster,
Do any faces brighten
To hear your footsteps on the stair?

OUR OWN FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES

"The farther away I get from my relations, the better satisfied I am."

I heard a man say this the other day, and he spoke as one who had been deeply injured. Doubtless he thought he meant what he said, and believed that he wished never again to be with those to whom he was bound by ties of relationship, but if he fancied these ties could be broken, he was mistaken. They may be loosened, but they cannot be severed. No matter how far we may travel in an opposite direction, or how estranged we may become from the family to which we belong, always there remains the consciousness of relationship, and recollections of those with whom our early lives were most closely associated.

It is impossible to blot from memory our own folks. They are connected with the time when our minds were receiving their first impressions, and these impressions are more indelibly stamped than any which may come later. In the majority of cases, the one who wishes to get far away from his family is the one who is most to blame for this unhappy condition. Own folks, more often than not, are patient and long suffering. They will "put up" with things which would not be endured by friends or mere acquaintances. I wonder why it is that we subject those who are nearest and dearest to treatment we would not dream of inflicting upon anyone outside the family circle.

Home, more than any other spot on earth, is the place for our best behavior, but unfortunately, it is too frequently the place where we give way to our worst moods and let loose our ugliest temper. It may be because we know that own folks are always forgiving. The tie that binds is strong, but it is never extinguished, and journey as far as you will in the world, it is the life and the love you knew among the own folks that comes back the clearest in moments of retrospection.

It is own folks for whom we hunger in seasons of trouble or sorrow, and it is own folks who always respond to our need and give comfort that can come from none other.

One of the greatest blessings in life is having own folks to turn to. We take them as a matter of course and treat them accordingly until we enter turbulent waters, and then, perhaps, we understand their value.

And so, when I hear anyone say, "the farther away I can get from my relations, the better satisfied I am," I think: "Your satisfaction will not be lasting. There is none who can fill the place held by own folks; there is none, who, in spite of possible disagreement and dissension, will love you better, who will forgive more readily or answer more quickly your cry for sympathy or assistance."

Always, unless we delay until they are gone, we return to our own folks, no matter how far away we may have wandered, or how long we may have been deserters. Sometime, though it may have been slumbering for years, our memory of own folks revives, and with it the wish to be with them. Family ties form a bond than which there is none stronger, and, while in the heat of anger you may think it possible, own folks never can be forgotten.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

ABOUT CLUB WORK

For the past six years I have been a member of the Clio club, our object being mutual improvement through the study of history. We have a president, two vice presidents, a recording secretary, corresponding secretary and treasurer. We meet every Monday afternoon for two hours. Sometimes, after the lesson is over, we have a spelling match or pronunciation contest, and almost every meeting has some one on the program for a paper. For instance, when we were studying English history, we had an excellent paper by one of the ladies, on The Victorian Era, and another on Queens of England.

When studying U. S. history we had papers on Lafayette and prominent Americans. For the past year we studied the history of our own state, Illinois, and had good papers on prominent men and women of Illinois. When studying English literature we had instructive talks by different ones on John Ruskin, De Quincy, John Wilson, (Christopher North), Harriet Martineau, the poets of the English Lake school, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Mrs. Hemans and others.

By our year book each one knows when it will be her turn to lead the lesson, also when and on what topic we shall have a paper or talk, so that we can always be prepared. We also have some domestic science which has been helpful to me. About four times during the club year (we meet from Oct. 1 to the last of April) we bring samples of bread, cake, pie, salads, etc., with recipes for the same. The hostess furnishes coffee, so after our lesson we have a most enjoyable social time; pies or cakes left are sold and the proceeds go to the treasury.

Our club always has in view some way to raise money to help some poor person; sometimes they do much toward ameliorating the condition of the inmates of the county poorhouse, send flowers to the sick, and in various ways go on errands of kindness.

No men are allowed to belong, but at the end of the year we have a social, some refreshments, and sometimes invite our husbands and daughters.

Our club may have 40 members. The name of a candidate must be proposed in writing by a member of the club. Election is by ballot. There is such harmony and good feeling among our members, I always look forward with pleasure to our meetings.—Olney Wcman.

This seems to be a delightful sort of a club, and its members are doing work which is worth while. I should like to have more letters telling of club work. —Editor.

IN SELF DEFENSE

I am a farmer's wife, and in reply to Mrs. Charles Harden's letter in the Cozy Corner of August 19, I should like to say that I do not go with a dirty face, neither do I think it is a disgrace to work in a hay field if I am needed. Although I have no time for field work, I have some neighbor women who do this work, and they are very clean nad tidy in their dress and homes. I think if we all had more outdoor work we would be healthier. I guess if Mrs. Charles Harden would come down to our part of the country she would find some clean-faced women. I have been going to market for more than seven years. I have my regular customers to go to, and while I find some tidy women, I find more careless one in town than in the country.

As for educating our children, we have good schools, churches and Sunday schools to send them to, or, I should say, "take them," as we go with our children to Sunday school. To be sure, we have disadvantages, as some of us live a distance from the school. One thing is sure, the country boys and girls do not have the many bad things to shun that the town boys and girls have.

Dear reader, let us each make the best of life we can. Life is short, so let each of us improve every golden moment and do all the good we can.—Mrs. H. I. Burton.

WANTS A WORD OF CHEER

Will you please listen to me for a short time? I have taken The Blade for five years and the Cozy Corner is my first stopping place, for so many dear sisters tell of their happy homes. I love to read these letters, then in my dream I fancy the homes described are just what I would like mine to be. A happy home and a dear, kind husband have been the desire of my life, but I have failed to have them. I have spent nearly six years of married life with a drunken husband. I try to be happy, but the only happiness is in the peace I find in my blessed Redeemer.

I have tried to turn my husband and have wept myself almost in my grave because of trouble and abuse, until I sought peace in Jesus and He so wonderfully blessed me. Since Jesus spoke peace to my soul I have prayed for my husband and have prayed with him, and have plead and wept, trying to reason with him regarding the future. He has promised to do better, only to break his promise in less than a week. I never speak a cross word as he is headstrong and it would only make matters worse. I have no children to love in my lonely hours, as so many women have. I think I hear some one say: "Oh, just listen to that grumbler!" Dear friends, I am not grumbling. I only came to ask some one to give a word of advice and tell me what to do, for I am almost distracted and something must be done or a change made soon. Will some one give me a word of cheer and consolation through the Cozy Corner? Wishing you all happiness.—Lonely Demona.

I am very sorry for you, Demona, but I think you would get along better if you would stop crying and cease paying so much attention to your husband. If he is determined to ruin himself, don't you go down with him. Let him go his own way for awhile, and you brace up and take care of yourself.—Editor.

INQUIRIES

Mrs. E. J. Springsted wishes to know how to make "the real old-fashioned pumpkin butter, such as our grandmothers used to make," and how to put it up so it will not sour.

One of our readers wishes to know how to make good corn light bread, and she wants included in the recipe directions for making the yeast and baking the bread. Who knows?

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Did you ever look back and think what a lot of foolish things you've worried about? Maybe the things that trouble you now are just as foolish. Think it over.

Dorothy Whiteside: Philip and the Goose may be lurking among the large and growing collection of verse destined for the Poets' Corner. I'll find them if possible; if not, please excuse me.—Editor.

Letters received for the Corner since our report of the past week are from Adelaide, A Flower Lover, M. A. G., Aunt Florence, Sally, Sam, Happy Wife and Mother No. 2, and Nellie F.

H. Greeley Miller: I think your letter is too personal to be of general interest, but we like your contributions to this column, so write again when you are so inclined.—Editor.

The Children's Friend: You may have noticed your last letter was not used. We had so many of like import it was impossible to use them all. However, you must write again; your letters are always appreciated.

If you please, we will close the discussion concerning the propriety of women working in the field. Some are for and some are against. The answer is, do as you think best.

GRAPE JUICE

Canned Grape Juice—Wash and pick over sound Concord grapes, rejecting all that are soft but leaving some of the stems to break up the thick mass of cooked grapes, making it less compact when straining.

Put in a preserving kettle with a little cold water, but not enough to cover and cook slowly until the skins break, mashing and stirring occasionally with a wooden spoon.

Cook about two hours and then pour into a new coarse jelly bag to drain. Do not press or squeeze or the juice will be cloudy. Have ready clean, well-sterilized bottles, with the patent china or metal tops. If you do not have these be sure your corks are new. Soak them first in cold water so they can be pressed in tightly. Measure the juice and to each quart allow one quarter pound granulated sugar. Reheat the juice to the boiling point and cook steadily for half an hour removing the scum as it rises to the surface. Add the sugar, which has been heated in the oven, cook five minutes, turn into hot sterilized bottles and seal air tight while hot.

If preferred the grape juice may be canned without the addition of sugar, and glass cans may be used in place of the bottles.

Do not put the cans or bottles in a place where there is danger of the contents freezing, but keep in a cool place.

While Concord grapes are best, any of the purple variety will answer.

ABOUT CLEANSING BEDDING

Bed furnishings, such as blankets, comfortables, quilts, pillows, etc., may be cleaned at home with success if one is willing to give plenty of time and care to the process.

To wash blankets one should commence operations the day before by cutting one or two pieces of soap, as considered necessary, and dissolving into a jelly with hot water. Next day it will be ready for use, and sufficient should be added to the tub of warm water to make a good suds. Borax may be added if the water is hard. The blankets should remain in the bath for half an hour or more, the lid of the tub closed to keep the water warm. Incidentally, the warm water should not be allowed to get cold if woolen goods of any kind are soaking.

After the soaking souse up and down in the water, rubbing any soils with the hands. Do not use a board, because rubbing on a board knots together the little hairs that stand out in woolens, and this causes shrinkage. Rubbing soap directly on woolens has the same disastrous effect; the soap "mats" the hairs.

When clean the blankets should be wrung and placed in a second bath of soapy water and squeezed thoroughly. Rinse in warm water, adding borax, and hang to dry in the sun and air. Then the blankets should be soft and white when dry. They should not be put away for a day or so, but should be placed on chairs and around the house until bone dry.

Blankets should hang doubled over the line to dry. Some women run a strip of white goods the length of the blanket between it and the clothes pins. This prevents marks from the latter showing, but it is by no means necessary, as a good blowing will soon cause them to disappear. Clothes pins, however, must be thoroughly clean.

Before the blankets are dry they should be taken from the line and rehung by the selvedges at the ends and by one selvedge between these points. When dry, they can be changed, folded, etc., as seems to be practicable facing the sun.

Comfortables that are filled with lamb's wool may be cleaned by the same method, except that it may not be wise to leave them soaking for many minutes, because the colors in the covering may run.

Soap, too, may be rubbed directly on the fabric, if necessary, for cleansing.

The last rinsing water should be cold, and if the material has faded a teaspoonful of ammonia may be added to the bath to revive the colors.

Cotton comfortables do not wash satisfactorily, because the filling knots and forms hard lumps. The best plan with them when soiled is to hang them on a line in a shower, then when dry, recover (putting the new goods over the old cover). There will be no real wear to it, as the under cover holds the cotton.

Down quilts wash splendidly, but require a windy day (or days) for their drying, for when so treated they will be as light and fluffy as new. They are washed in the same way as directed for the wool filled comfortables.

Quilts and comfortables are best hung on the line singly, so when the line is not sufficiently high from the ground, two may be used, and the quilt spread out or hung between the two lines as is convenient. These articles will not dry when doubled, so it is of no use to try. The air must circulate around them, hence the reason for hanging them singly.

Pillows may be washed just as they are used, so if the ticking is good and only soiled, they may be renewed without reticking.

To cleanse, a strong hot suds should be made, hotter than the bath for washing blankets, and the pillows immersed. They may be soaped all over and allowed to remain some time entirely covered with the water. They should then be soused up and down until clean and afterward rinsed in several waters, changing gradually from hot to cold.

Of course, pillows cannot stand much wringing; therefore they must drip when pinned on the line and must be securely fastened, using several clothes pins.

After several hours, the pillows should be taken down and pinned up again at the opposite end.

If this is done frequently, the drying process will be quicker as well as more even.

How Short Women Should Dress

The smallest woman on the stage, excepting the stars of the Lilliputian organizations, is Marguerite Clark, a dainty bit of femininity, who is scarcely five feet in height and weighs less than 100 pounds. Having won success in musical comedy, and with the prospect of soon becoming a star, it is to be expected that her remarks concerning dress should be received with attention. Her ideas regarding the way in which a short woman should dress appear in a recent number of Human Life, and are to the following effect:

On the street I am so small and insignificant that no one notices me, and I am glad of it. My rule for street dressing is to gown myself as quietly as possible, to avoid attracting attention. I hate the brass band, blaring frock for the street. It is a mark of good taste for a woman, whether she be big or little, to dress with extreme plainness and simplicity for the street.

The problem for the short woman is to avoid looking short and broad. To this end she should wear her dresses long. No matter whether it is the fashion to wear walking skirts an inch or two inches from the ground, I wear mine no more than an inch off the ground. The effect is the same, and I am not shorn of a tithe of my meager height.

Avoiding breadth and cultivating slenderness—if it be a reality, and the illusion of slenderness if it be not a reality—the short woman should avoid the shirt waist and skirt of different color as she would shun any pest. Take, for instance, the white shirt waist and blue skirt. Wearing them she seems to be literally cut in two at the waist line. I abhor the separate waist of different color. If convenience demand that I wear a separate waist I make it as nearly to match the skirt as possible. For instance, I wear with a biscuit colored pleated walking skirt a waist of ecru net braided with soutache of the same shade. So there is no perceptible line of demarkation between waist and skirt.

MARGUERITE CLARK.

I aim always to preserve an unbroken line from shoulder to hem of skirt. I try to keep my dark blue frocks all dark blue, my white frocks all white. If any notes of other color appear, as in the gown in this picture, they are mere "accents," so the artists call them, introduced for the sake of contrast, and at no point in the gown does the garniture reach around the frock, cutting the line from neck to hem.

I avoid round, and seek after pointed effects in trimming. The yoke of the gown in the picture has an emphatic point, front and back. Rounded garniture adds breadth and plumpness to the figure. Points give apparent slenderness.

The high collar, if it is well fitting, adds elegance to a costume. Especially is it welcomed by the short woman, for it seems to add perceptibly to her height.

I never allow my dressmakers to make the shoulder seams of my frocks as long as they were in those fitful times when long, drooping shoulders were the fashion. A trifle longer than at other times, for compromise is the law of agreeable living, but only a trifle. For short shoulder seams appear to subtract from the width of the figure. You may silently ask why I lay so much stress upon slenderness, when a glance at this photograph proves that I myself am sufficiently slender. It is because slenderness adds to the effect of height. Place a lath beside a barrel. The lath is the same height as the barrel, but it looks much taller because of its narrowness.

My hats are never extreme. This is because a large hat would make me look insignificant by contrast. A small one would emphasize my smallness by seeming a part of it. My hats are therefore always of moderate width. They have one invariable characteristic.

While most of the trimming may be flat at some point, that trimming is carried to a high point. That one point serves as well as a dozen points or a mass of high trimming. It adds to the height of the wearer without weighing her down by an absurd mass of useless decoration.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

I have stod outside your happy circle and listened while you have chatter back and forth, for a long time and have now got started and maybe I'll come often, if you invite me to. I hope my letter will be of interest to the readers.

How kind of you, Merura, to send the picture of that rose. It seemed as if I could almost smell its sweetness.

Now I want to tell you about a story I read a short time ago. It was about a young man who was aboard a ship and he had a precious jewel which he was tossing up and down. A gentleman warned him that he would lose it if he was not more careful, but he answered, "I'm not afraid; I'll catch it, g'wan and mind your own business." Nevertheless, he did not, and it fell into the water and was gone—forever. It reminded me so much of life. Some think they will have time to repent of their sins before death calls them, but it is not safe to wait, for we know not when we shall be called away. I try to do things that will please God, and I am much happier for it, too. He has heard some of my prayers and they have been answered, and I am sure He will hear yours if you have patience and trust in Him for an answer. I pray to Him to direct our footsteps in the narrow but beautiful pathway. I am sure we all can praise His name.

I live on a farm in beautiful old Nebraska, and a dear old state it is, too. Well, I just heard someone say "How I wish she would run down," so I will.—Iola's Sweetheart.

Perhaps I am coming just a little too often, but hope you will allow this intrusion with as good grace as possible. I must begin to get ready for teaching, for after school begins I shall not have time to do anything but get mad and look wise.

It does not seem as if many of the men M. G. R.'s are very much interested in giving their views on any subject except the character of men, and I, for one, am heartily tired of it. I don't seem to suit any of the ladies, according to the opinions given, so I suppose I'll have to live in single blessedness the balance of my days. Lucky boy! I reckon Florida Old Man is off on a long jaunt at present. In some respects we are alike. I travel a "heap," but do not get very far from home. Any how, I like to read his letters. I wonder, I always wonder about other people's business, if many of the M. G. R.'s read much, and who are their favorite authors, and their ideal character in literature. I take great pleasure in reading and have over 100 volumes in my library, to which I keep adding a book as I can afford, for everybody knows school teachers are not overly flush in money, however. I have some good books, some not so good, and a few worse than those. It is hard for me to get interested in theological works, some how. I can hardly say who is my favorite author, but Irving, Ebers, Haggard, Virgil, Porter and other are among my favorites. I would like to read opinions on books, authors and characters, for I know there are many extensive and deep readers in the M. G. R.'s.

West Virginia School Mistress, please accept my thanks for the recipe for making coffee, which was certainly fine.—West Virginia School Master.

May another West Virginia maid enter your happy circle? I have been a constant reader of the dear old Blade for some time, but I could never gather up courage before to knock for admission, but this beautiful Sabbath morning I took my courage in my hands and put my fears in my big apron pocket and timidly knocked, and lo! the door was opened and I declare, there was the jolliest, happiest band of people I ever saw. I am 18 years old, have brown hair, blue eyes and am so talky But if you will give me a seat right close to that jolly, good-natured lady with a cup of tea in her hand, I promise to sit still and be as quiet as a mouse and let those older and more experienced do the talking. Not wishing to wear my welcome out the first time, I will close.—Chrysanthemum.

I was admitted to your jolly circle some time ago, but never got up enough courage to write you a letter.

I live in the dear old Wolverine state (Michigan). My home town is Big Rapids. It is in the west central part of the state on the Muskegon river. At this city is located the Ferris Institute, which is one of the largest private schools in the western part of the United States. The enrollment during the winter is averaged from 1,100 to 1,200 students. The young men and women that attend this school come from all parts of Michigan and outside states. Sixteen different courses are offered, but I shall not take the time to name them. I would like to see some of the M. G. R.'s attend this school and at the same time visit me. My home is in the country now. I have attended the city school for two years, and would rather live in the city, though I enjoy being on the farm. This is the first summer I have been at home for four years, and my vacation has been spent quite pleasantly. Sometimes my sisters and brothers and I go fishing, but I have never been fortunate enough to catch anything except crabs.

I have two sisters, one younger and one older than myself. My oldest sister attended summer school and expects to teach this fall. I am going to teach also. This will be my first year's experience. Next year my sister and I expect to go to Nevada and teach. One of my brothers is in Nevada and one in California. I have not seen them for four years. I would like to meet Shy Ann of California (the girl who lives near the red wood forests). Perhaps she has met my brothers, Charles and Arthur Frank, as they both have worked there. I have many views from Sacramento and other places. I enjoy looking at them, and will be glad to see them next fall.

I must not take up any more space or my friends will get tired of reading my nonsense.—Selma Frank.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Ho; for the bending sheaves,
Ho! for the crimson leaves
Flaming in splendor!
Season of ripened gold,
Plenty in crib and fold,
Skies with a depth untold,
Liquid and tender.

— James Russell Lowell.

How are you, everybody? I'm glad it's time for another meeting.—Miss Prudence.

Since last we met letters have come from Raoul de Coubert, One at the Fair, North Carolina Girl, Sweetheart from Va., Dark-Eyed Edna, and Blue-Eyed Hoosier.

"STICK" DOLLS

The Rogers children had come into the country to spend the summer at grandma's. It rained the first day, and the trunks had not come. "O dear!" said Jessie. "What shall we do?"

"If the trunks were only here, we could play with our dolls," replied Ethel. Elsie stood disconsolately looking out of the window, and then said, "Let's call grandma! Perhaps she can think of something new for us to play."

Grandma was always full of new ideas, and as soon as she saw the downcast looks, she said, "Children, how would you like to play 'stick' dolls?"

Being city children, and having all sorts of "store" dolls, "stick" dolls had never been heard of. "O grandma, let's play it!" they all said, for they were eager to play at something new.

Grandma left the room and soon returned with her apron full of twigs, leaves and cranberries. "Now," she said, "we'll first select a good-sized twig; that is for the doll's body. Then we'll put a cranberry on for the head, and for the dress we'll use a leaf, running the twig through the center. Now we have a very good stick doll. The next one we will dress up in a shawl and bonnet, using a small leaf for the bonnet and another size for the shawl, pinning them on with small twigs."

In this way a number of dolls were made, using the different kinds and sizes of leaves. It was fun for the children, and they soon forgot the rain in the pleasure of the game.

The day passed all too quickly, and when the weather was fine they went down to the orchard—just the place to play stick dools. The children filled the hollows of the rock with moss and wild flowers, and they made such nice little houses for the dolls.

All that summer, and other summers, the children played stick dolls. They learned to know the different leaves and trees better, perhaps, than in any other way.—Bertha Locke in Unity.

LETTERS FROM THE CHILDREN

Dear Boys and Girls—Today I am going to head your little corner with a poem which I want you to learn and remember. It would be nice if we could have your letters printed every week, but we have so much to put on this page that you will have to be patient and take your turn. I like to hear from you, even if it is not possible to publish all the letters. Now, here is the poem I spoke about in the beginning. It is called:

GOLDEN KEYS.

A bunch of golden keys is mine,
To make each day with gladness shine.
'Good morning," that's the golden key
That unlocks every day for me,
When evening comes, "Good night," I say,
And close the door of each glad day.
When at the table, "If you please"
I take from off my bunch of keys.
When friends do anything to me,
I use the little "Thank you" key.
"Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too,
When by mistake some harm I do;
Or, if unkindly harm I've given,
With "Forgive me" I shall be forgiven.
On a golden ring these keys I'll bind;
This is its motto, "Be ye kind."
I'll often use each golden key,
And then a child polite I'll be.

Dear Young Friends of The Blade—I am a country girl, 12 years of age. I live on a farm of 54 acres in the southwestern part of the state of New York. We have a very pleasant home on four corners. The yard is full of flowers, lilies, honeysuckles, golden glow, and beds of geraniums. For pets we have a cat named Moses Green, and two little calves, and a little colt named Jane May.

We live with an uncle of my mother's who is very kind to us. My father has taken The Blade for some time. I like to read the children's letters, the Poets' Corner and the stories. I have one sister. Her name is Alta. She is 7 years old and is going to school this fall. I have no brothers. I have also one of the most loving fathers and mothers a girl ever had. We have had three picnics of our own this season. Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close. From your brown-eyed country friend.—Mildred H. Goundrey.

I am a little girl 14 years old. I have brown hair, black eyes, and dark complexion. I live in a small town in the Buckeye state. I keep house for papa and mamma. My birthday is September 6. My mamma got me a pair of rabbits. They are the dearest things, next to my doll. I have a nice doll, playhouse, dishes and everything. Some people laugh at me for playing with a doll, but I do love Vance, that is her name, and shall as long as I live, if I can keep her that long. I love to play with little girls. I will have to close for this time, but will write again. —Hazel L.

Seeing no letters from Michigan, I thought I would write one. Michigan is a beautiful state. The land being a little hilly. I am 14 years old. I go to school and am in the eighth grade. During vacation I help my father on the farm. I have plowed, dragged, planted corn and helped in haying. We live near the railroad, about 15 rods. We have 25 sheep and three cows. I do the milking when papa is gone away. We have neighbors across the road. I have a little garden. I have five chickens. If my letter is published I will write another. Good-bye.—The Michigan Girl.

I am a little girl 14 years old. I live on a farm in Blount county, Tenn. There are nice crops of corn and fruit such as apples, peaches and grapes in Blount this year. I love music and I take lessons on the piano. I have a fine-toned piano. It is an upright. I have not had it very long and it is so nice. I can't go to school for I cannot hear very well, but I study at home with mother as teacher. I have two pet cats. Their names are Violet and Lilac. With best wishes.—Clemma Woodward.

I am a little girl 11 years of age, and I live in Kansas. I go to school and study reading, arithmetic, grammar, physiology, geography and spelling. For pets I have a little dog which I call Trixie, and a kitten I call Midget. I like to read the boys' and girls' letters in The Blade. My papa has taken The Blade for a long time. He likes it fine. I have collected about 320 post cards. My papa has five horses and a little mule. The little mule's name is Kate. I went to a Sunday school picnic last Thursday. I had a good time. I wrote a letter once before, but I guess it fell in the waste basket.—Fay.

THE POETS' CORNER

BANTY JIM

By John Hay.

(Remarks of Sergeant Tilmon Joy to the White Man's Committee of Spunky Point, Illinois.)

I reckon I git your drift, gents—
You 'low the boy sha'n't stay;
This is a white man's country;
You're Dimocrats, you say;
And whereas, and seein', and wherefore,
The times bein' all out o' j'int,
The nigger has got to mosey
From the limits o' Spunky P'int.

Le's reason the thing a minute;
I'm an old-fashioned Dimocrat too,
Though I laid my politics out o' the way
For to keep till the war was through.
But I come back here, allowin'
To vote as I used to do,
Though it gravels me like the devil to train
Along o' sich fools as you.

Now dog my cats of I can see,
In all the light of the day,
What you've got to do with the question
Ef Tim shall go or stay
And furder than that I give notice,
Ef one of you tetches the boy,
He kin check his trunks to a warmer clime
Than he'll find in Illanoy.

Why, blame your hearts, jest hear me!
You know that ungodly day
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights, how ripped
And torn and tattered we lay,
When the rest retreated I staid behind
Fur reasons sufficient to me—
With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,
I sprawled on that cursed glacee

Lord! how the hot sun went for us,
And br'iled and blistered and burned!
How the rebel bullets whizzed round us
When a cuss in his death-gr'p turned!
Till along toward dusk I seen a thing
I could'nt believe for a spell:
That nigger—that Tim—was a crawlin' to me
Through that fireproof, gilt-edged hell!

The rebels seen him as quick as me,
And the bullets buzzed like bees;
But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,
Though a shot brought him once to his knees.
But he staggered up, 'nd packed me off,
With a dozen stumbles and falls,
Till safe in our lines he dropped us both,
His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, thar's my answer,
And here stays Banty Tim;
He trumped Death's ace for me that day,
And I'm not goin' back on him!
You may rezoloot till the cows come home,
But ef one of you tetches the boy,
He'll wrastle his hash tonight in hell,
Or my name's not Tilmon Joy!

THE HAND THAT RULES THE WORLD

BY DON FIELDING.

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea;
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers that be.
But a mightier pow'r, and stronger,
Man from his throne has hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle,
Is the hand that rules the world.

In deep, mysterious conclave,
'Mid philosophic minds,
Unraveling knotty problems,
His native sphere man finds;
Yet all his "ies" and "isms"
To heaven's four winds are hurled,
But the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Behold the brave commander,
Staunch 'mid the carnage stand;
Behold the guidon dying,
With the colors in his hand.
Brave men they be, yet craven,
When this banner is unfurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle,
Is the hand that rules the world.

Great statesmen govern nations,
Kings mould a people's fate;
But the unseen hands of velvet
These giants regulate.
The iron hand of fortune,
With woman's hand is furled,
But the hand that rocks the cradle,
Is the hand that rules the world.

THE KANKAKEE OR THE KOKO

By Louis Harrison.

He stood in the station; she at his
(She is a fair, young, blushing br
On their honeymoon they're star
now;
It always follows the marriage
He looks at the flaring railroad
At the train of cars and his bag
traps,
And whispers, "Pettie, how shall
go?
By the Kankakee or the Kokomo?

"These railroad maps confuse the
There's the C. B. Q., and the R. I.
And this one says your life's at
On any line but the Sky Blue La
The N. E. R. L. P. Q. J.
Have sleepers on the entire way,
But I've heard these trains are
more slow.
Than the Kankakee or the Koko

She murmured, "Sweetie, I've hear
say
What a fine old road is the P. G. K
But Mamma seemed to disagree,
And preferred the X. S. H. O. P.
This chart says, Baby, the views
fine
On the Texas-Cowboy-Mustang Li
But still perhaps we'd better go
On the Kankakee or the Kokomo

A conductor chanced to pass them
And the bridegroom caught his e
eye.
He said, "Oh, man, with the cap of
Inform me quick, inform me true,
Which road is best for a blushing
Young, timid bride on her wedding
And tell us quickly what you
Of the Kankakee or the Kokomo"

The conductor's eyes gave a
gleam;
These words rolled out in a
stream:
"There's the A. B. J. D. V. R. Z
Connects with the Flip-Flap-
Bang-B.
You can change on the Leg-Or
ville-Grand,
And go through on the Pancake-
Full-Hand.
The road you named is blocke
snow,
(The Kankakee and the Kokomo

"The Pennsylvania Pittsburg Th
Connects with the Oshkosh Railro
With a smoking car all afternoon
Just the thing for a honeymoon
And the Central-Scalp-Toot-Bung
Switch
Goes through a vine clad country
Of the road you named I no
know,
The Kankakee and the Kokomo"

The bride said "Baby, 'tis best fa
Like the dollar, we return to P
(That's a pun I heard while on
train
Of the U. R. N. J. Jersey main)."
The Conductor smiled; his ey
showed;
He had spoiled the trade of a
road.
He knew in his heart there wa
snow
On the Kankakee or the Kokomo

And the bride and groom returne
Pa,
Who heard it all and then
"Pshaw!
If you found you couldn't go that
Why didn't you go on the Cross-
Bay?"
The bridegroom gave a howl of p
The railroad names had turne
brain.
He raves, insane, forevermore,
In a madhouse, chained unto the
He'll jibber "Tootsie, shall we g
By the Kankakee or the Kokomo."

POEMS REQUESTED

The poem called The Old Kit
Stove is asked for.

The poem containing the follo
lines is wanted:

Seventy swings of life's pendulu
Seem many and hard to count.

"The mill will never grind
with the water that is past," is a
to a poem wanted.

An old poem entitled McC
Child is inquired for.

The poem, The Little B
Breeches that Bagged at the K
written by Zeb Vance, is among
requested.

Ask Her This Question

"Do you know of any woman who ever received a benefit from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Co pound?"

If any woman who is suffering with any ailment peculi to her sex will ask her neighbors this question, she will b surprised at the result. There is hardly a community this country where women cannot be found who have bee restored to health by this famous old remedy, mad exclusively from a simple formula of roots and herbs.

During the past 30 years we have published thousand of letters from these grateful women who have been cure by **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** and new in all that time have we published a testimonial witho the writer's special permission. Never have we knowing published a testimonial that was not truthful and genuin Here is one just received a few days ago. If anyone doub that this is a true and honest statement of a woman's expe ence with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound wri and ask her.

Houston, Texas.—"When I first began taking Lydia E. Pin ham's Vegetable Compound I was a total wreck. I had be sick for three years with female troubles, chronic dyspep and a liver trouble. I had tried several doctor's medicines, b nothing did me any good.

"For three years I lived on medicines and thought I wou never get well, when I read an advertisment of Lydia E. Pin ham's Vegetable Compound, and was advised to try it.

"My husband got me one bottle of the Compound, and it d me so much good I continued its use. I am now a well woma and enjoy the best of health.

"I advise all women suffering from such troubles to gi Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. They wo regret it, for it will surely cure you."—Mrs. Bessie L. Hick 819 Cleveland St., Houston.

Any woman who is sick and suffering is foolish sure not to give such a medicine as this a trial. Why should not do her as much good as it did Mrs. Hicks.

WEEPING ECZEMA

and Neck Were Raw—Terrible ing, Inflammation and Sore- ss—All Treatments Failed.

CURA A GREAT SUCCESS

ema began over the top of my ft cracked and then began to I had three different doctors ied several things, but they did good. At last one side of my and my neck were raw. The ran out of it so that I had to medicated cotton, and it was so ed and sore that I had to put e of cloth over my pillow to the water from it, and it would the cloth a sort of yellow. The itched so that it seemed as I could tear my face all to Then I began to use the Cuti- oap and Ointment, and it was re than three months before it healed up. Miss Ann Pearsons, field, Vt., Dec. 19, 1907."

ug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

IES FORTY MILES

ain Cody Does Well at Aldershot.

rshot, England, Sept. 8.—During d calm, at an early hour today, n F. S. Cody, the American nist, who has been in the ser- f the British army for several achieved what is believed to world's record for a cross-coun- ght in an aeroplane.

e big and cumbersome machine, is his own invention, Captain remained in the air for one hour hree minutes, covering, in that distance of over 40 miles. He over the valleys that intersect ane of Aldershot, passed over ound the barracks, and circled re of the village church.

machine was under perfect con- d, at times, rose to an altitude feet. It traveled occasionally at te of 50 miles an hour. Cody land because his fuel gave out. was descending the machine the ground rather forcibly, but only slightly damaged.

PEARY DESCRIBES PERILS OF DASH

Continued from Page 5.

A succession of laterally open leads were crossed and after them some heavy old ice; and then we came to a layer of young ice, some of which buckled under our sledges and this gave us a straightaway of six miles to the north. Then came more heavy old floes, covered with hard snow. This was a good long march.

The next march was also a long one. It was Bartlett's last hike. He let himself out over a series of large old floes, steadily increasing in diameter, and covered with hard snow. During the last few miles I walked beside him or in advance. He was very solemn and anxious to go further, but the program was for him to go back from here in command of the fourth supporting party, and there were no supplies for an increase in the main party.

Face Heavy Winds.

In this march we encountered a high wind for the first time since the three days after we left Cape Columbia. It was dead on our faces, bitter and insistent, but I had no reason to complain; it was better than an easterly or southerly wind, either of which would have set us adrift in open water, while this was closing up every lead in the open. This furnished another advantage of my supporting parties.

True, by so doing, it was pressing to the south the ice over which we traveled, and so robbing us of a hundred miles of advantage.

We surmised we were on or near the 88th parallel, unless the north wind had lost us several miles. The wind blew all night and all the next day. At his camp, in the morning, Bartlett started to walk six miles to the north to make sure of reaching the 88th parallel. While he was gone, I selected the 40 best dogs in the utfit and had them doubled, and I picked out five of the best sledges and assigned them expressly to the captain's party. I broke up the seventh for material with which to repair the others, and set the Eskimos at their work. Bartlett returned in time to take satisfactory observation for latitude in clear weather, and obtained our position 87.48, and that showed continued north wind had robbed us of a number of miles of hard earned distance.

Bartlett Turns Back.

Bartlett took the observations here, as had Marvin five camps back, partly to save my eyes, but largely to give an independent record and determination of our advance. The observations completed, about two copies were made, one for him and the other for me; Bartlett started on the back trail in command of my fourth supporting party, with two Eskimos, one sled and 18 dogs.

When he left, I felt for a moment, pangs of regret as he disappeared in the distance, but it was only momentary. My work was still ahead, not in the rear.

Bartlett had done good work and had been a great help to me. Circumstances had thrust the brunt of the pioneering upon him instead of dividing it among several, as I had planned.

He had reason to take pride in the fact that he had bettered the Italian record by a degree and a quarter and had covered a distance equal to the entire distance of the Italian expedition from Franz Josef's land to Cagni's farthest north. I had given Bartlett this position and post of honor in command of my fourth and last supporting party for two reasons: First, because of his magnificent handling of the Roosevelt; second, because he had cheerfully stood between me and many trifling annoyances on the expedition.

Then there was a third reason. It seemed to me appropriate in view of the magnificent British record of Arctic work, covering three centuries, that it should be a British subject who could boast of having been, next to an American, nearest to the pole.

ROBERT E. PEARY.

GERMANY PLANS A WAR

Winnipeg, Sept. 9.—Lord Northcliffe, owner of the London Times, in an interview here yesterday predicted war between Germany and Great Britain. He said that in the Krupp gun works alone 100,000 men were working night and day and on Sundays preparing for war. He said:

"I would make the suggestion, with all respect to the Canadians who are investing their money and labor in building railroads and grain elevators, that they keep an eye on European affairs and begin to figure out why it is that all the ship building yards in Germany are busy constructing rapid cruisers and first-class battleships, and why it is Krupp's works have increased their hands to over 100,000 men, nearly the population of Winnipeg."

His conviction is that war can only be averted by the most complete and thorough preparation by Great Britain.

At Last Reaches the Pole

By Robert E. Peary, Commander U. S. N.

Battle Harbor, Labrador, Via Marconi Wireless to Cape Ray, N. F., Sept. 10.—With the disappearance of Bartlett I turned to the problem before me. This was that for which I had worked for 32 years; for which I had lived the simple life; for which I had conserved all my energy on the upward trip; for which I had trained myself as for a race, crushing down every worry about success.

Now, in spite of my years, I felt in trim fit for the demands of the coming days and eager to be on the trail. As for my party, my equipment, and my supplies, I was in shape beyond my most sanguine dreams of earliest years.

My party might be regarded as an ideal which had now come to realization, as loyal and responsive to my will as the fingers of my right hand; four of them carried the technique of dogs, sledges, ice and cold as their heritage. Two of them, Hansen and Cottam, were my companions to the farthest north three years before. Two others, Eginwah and Sigloo, were in Clark's division, which had such a narrow escape at that time, and now were willing to go anywhere with my immediate party and willing to risk themselves again in any supporting party.

The fifth was a young man who had never served before in any expedition, but who was, if possible, even more willing and eager than the others for the princely gifts, a boat, a rifle, a shotgun, ammunition, knives, etc., which I had promised to each of them who reached the pole with me; for he knew that these riches would enable him to wrest from a stubborn father the girl whose image filled his hot young heart.

BLIND CONFIDENCE IN PEARY.

All had blind confidence so long as I was with them, and gave no thought for the morrow, sure that whatever happened I should somehow get them back to land. But I dealt with the party equally; I recognized that all its impetus centered in me, and that whatever pace I set it would be made good. If anyone was played out I would stop for a short time.

I had no fault to find with the conditions. My dogs were the very best, the pick of 122 with which we left Columbia. Almost all were powerful males, hard as nails, in good flesh, but without a superfluous ounce, without a suspicion of fat anywhere; and, what was better yet, they were all in good spirits.

My sledges, now that the repairs were completed, were in good condition. My supplies were ample for 40 days, and, with the reserve represented by the dogs themselves, could be made to last 50.

Settles His Program.

Pacing back and forth in the lee of the pressure ridge where our igloos were built, while my men got their loads ready for the next marches, I settled on my program.

I decided that I should strain every nerve to make five marches of 15 miles each, crowding these marches in such a way as to bring us to the end of the fifth march long enough before noon to permit the immediate taking of an observation for latitude.

Weather and leads permitting, I believed I could do this. If my proposed distances were cut down by any chance, I had two means in reserve for making up the deficit:

First, to make the last march a forced one, stopping to make tea and rest the dogs, but not to sleep.

Second, at the end of the fifth march to make a forced march with a light sledge, a double team of dogs and one or two of the party, leaving the rest in camp.

Chances to Bar Progress.

Underlying all these calculations was a recognition of the ever present neighborhood of open leads and impassable water and the knowledge that a 24-hour gale would knock all my plans into a cocked hat and even put us in imminent peril.

At a little after midnight of April 1, after a few hours of sound sleep, I hit the trail, leaving the others to break camp and follow. As I climbed the pressure ridge back of our igloos I set another hole in my belt, the third since I started. Every man and dog of us was lean and fat-bellied as a board, and as hard.

It was a fine morning. The wind of the last two days had subsided and the going was the best and most equipable of any I had had yet. The floes were large and old, hard and clear, and were surrounded by pressure ridges, some of which were almost stupendous. The biggest of them, however, were easily negotiated, either through some crevice or up some huge brink.

I set a good pace for about ten hours. Twenty-five miles took me well beyond the 88th parallel. While I was building my igloos a long lead formed to the east and southeast of us at a distance of a few miles.

Twenty Miles in Ten Hours.

A few hours' sleep and we were on the trail again. As the going was now practically horizontal we were unhampered and could travel as long as we pleased and sleep as little as we wished. The weather was fine and the going like that of the previous day, except at the beginning, when pickaxes were required. This, and a brief stop at another lead, cut down our distance. But we had made 20 miles in 10 hours and were half way in the 89th parallel.

The ice was grinding audibly in every direction, but no motion was visible. Evidently is was settling back into equilibrium and probably sagging due northward with its release from the wind pressure.

Again there was a few hours sleep and we hit the trail before midnight. The weather and going were even better. The surface, except as interrupted by infrequent ridges, was as level as the glacial fringe from Hecla to Columbia, and harder.

We marched something more than ten hours, the dogs being often on the trot, and made 20 miles. Near the end of the march we rushed across a lead 100 yards wide, which buckled under our sleighs and finally broke as the last sledge left it.

We stopped in sight of the 89th parallel, in a temperature of 40 degrees below. Again a scant sleep, and we were on our way once more and across the 89th parallel.

Dogs Go on Gallop.

This march duplicated the previous one as to weather and going. The last few hours it was on young ice and occasionally the dogs were galloping. We made 25 miles or more, the air, the sky, and the bitter wind burning the faces till it crackled. It was like the great interior ice cap of Greenland. Even the natives complained of the bitter air. It was as keen as frost of the steel.

A little longer sleep than the previous ones had to be taken here as we were all in need of it. Then on again.

Up to this time, with each successive march, our fear of an impossible lead had increased. At every inequality of the ice I found myself hurrying breathlessly forward, fearing that it marked a lead, and when I arrived at the summit would catch my breath with relief, only to find myself hurrying on in the same way at the next one.

But on this march, by some strange shift of feeling, this fear fell from me completely. The weather was thick, but it gave me no uneasiness.

Before I turned in I took an observation, which indicated our position as 89:25.

A dense, lifeless pall hung overhead. The horizon was black, and the ice beneath was a ghastly, chalky white with no relief, a striking contrast to the glimmering, sun-lit fields of ice over which we had been traveling for the previous four days.

The going was even better, and there was scarcely any snow on the hard, granular, last summer's surface of the old floes, dotted with the sapphire ice of the previous summer's lakes. A rise in temperature to 15 below reduced the friction of the sledges and gave the dogs the appearance of having caught the spirit of the party. The more springtly ones, as they went along with tightly curled tails, frequently tossed their heads, with short, sharp barks and yelps. In 12 hours we made 40 miles. There was no sign of a lead in the march.

The Pole at Last.

I had now made my five marches and was in time for a hasty noon observation through a temporary break in the clouds, which indicated our position as 89:57. I quote an entry from my journal some hours later:

"The pole at last. The prize of three centuries, my dream and goal for 20 years, mine at last. I cannot bring myself to realize it. It all seems so simple and commonplace. As Bartlett said when turning back, when speaking of his being in these exclusive regions, which no mortal man has ever penetrated before: 'It is just like every day.'"

Of course, I had my sensations that made sleep impossible for hours, despite my utter fatigue—the sensations of a lifetime—but I had no room for them here.

The first 30 hours at the pole were spent in taking observations; in going some 10 miles beyong our camp and some eight miles to the right of it; in taking photographs, planting my flags; depositing my records, studying the horizon with my telescope for possible land and searching for a practicable place to make a sounding. Ten hours after our arrival the clouds cleared before a light breeze from our left and from that time until our departure in the afternoon of April 7, the weather was cloudless and flawless. The minimum temperature during the 30 hours was 33 below, the maximum 12.

Facing the Return.

We had reached the goal, but the return was still before us. It was essential that we reach land before the next spring tide, and we must strain every nerve to do so. I had a brief talk with my men. From now on it was to be a big travel, little sleep and a hustle every minute. We would try, I told them, to double march on the return; that is, to start and cover one of our northward marches, make tea and eat our luncheon in the igloos, then cover another march and sleep a few hours, and repeat this daily.

As a matter of fact, we nearly did this, covering regularly on our return journey five outward marches in three return marches. Just as long as we could hold the trail we could double our speed and we need waste no time in building new igloos. Every day that we gained on the return lessened the chances of a gale destroying the track.

Just above the 87th parallel was a region some 50 miles wide which caused me considerable uneasiness. Twelve hours of strong easterly, westerly or northerly wind would make this region an open sea.

On the afternoon of the 7th we started on our return, having double fed the dogs, repaired the sledges for the last time and discarded all our spare clothing to lighten the loads.

Five miles from the pole a narrow crack filled with recent ice through which we were able to work a hole with a pickax, enabled me to make a sounding. All my wire, 1,500 fathoms, was sent down, but there was no bottom. In pulling up the wire parted a few fathoms from the surface, and lead and wire went to the bottom. Off went reel and handle, lightening the sledges still further. We had no more use for them now.

Cross on Rocking Ice.

Three marches brought us back to the igloos, where the captain turned back. The last march was in the wild sweep of a northernly gale, with drifting scnow and the ice rocking under us as we dashed over it. South of where Marvin had turned back we came to where his party had built several igloos while delayed by open leads. Still further south we found where the captain had been held up by an open lead and obliged to camp. Fortunately the movement of these leads was simply open and shut, and it took considerable water motion to fault the trail seriously.

While the captain, Marvin and, as I found out later, Borup, had been delayed by open leads, we seemed to bear a patent charm and at no single lead were we delayed more than a couple of hours. Sometimes the ice was fast and firm enough to carry us across; sometimes a short detour, sometimes a brief halt for the lead to close; sometimes an improvised ferry on an ice cake, kept the trail without difficulty down to the tenth onward march.

Igloos there disappeared completely, and the entire region was unrecognizable. Where on the outward journey had been narrow cracks, there were now broad leads, some of them over five miles in width, caught over with young ice. Here again fortune favored us and no pronounced movement of the ice having taken place since the captain passed, we had his trail to follow. We picked up the old trail again north of the seventh igloos, followed it beyond the fifth, and at the big lead lost it finally.

Devil Asleep, Said Eskimos.

From here we followed the captain's trail, and on April 23 our sledges passed up the vertical edge of the glacier Fritge, a little west of Cape Columbia. When the last sledge came up I thought my Eskimos had gone crazy. They yelled and called and danced themselves helpless. As Ootah sat down on his sledge, he remarked in Eskimo:

"The devil is asleep or having trouble with his wife, or we never should have come back so easily."

The rest can be quickly told. McMillan and Borup had started for the Greenland coast, to deposit caches for me. Before I arrived, a flying Eskimo courier from me overtook them with instructions that the caches were no longer needed and that they were to concentrate their energies on tidal observations, etc., at Cape Morris, Jessup, and north from there.

These instructions were carried out, and, after their return in the latter part of May, McMillan made some further tidal observations at other points. The supplies remaining at the various caches were brought in, and on July 18 the Roosevelt left her winter quarters and was driven out into the channel of Cape Nion. She fought her way south in the center of the channel and passed Cape Sabine on August 8, or 39 days earlier than in 1908, and 32 days earlier than the British expedition in 1876.

Pick Up Whitney's Party.

A few hours later we arrived at Crane City, under the bluffs of Cape Columbia, and after putting four pounds of pemmican into each of the faithful dogs to keep them quiet, we had, at last, our chance to sleep.

Never shall I forget that sleep at Cape Columbia. It was sleep, sleep, then turn over and sleep again. We slept gloriously with never a thought of the morrow or of having to walk, and, too, with no thought that there was to be never a night more of blinding headaches. Cold water to a parched throat is nothing compared with sleep to a numbed, fatigued brain and body.

Two days we spent here in sleeping and drying out clothes. Then for the ships. Our dogs, like ourselves, had not been hungry when we arrived, but simply lifeless with fatigue. They were different animals now and the better ones among them swept on with tightly curled tails and uplifted heads and their hind legs treading the snow with with pistonlike regularity.

We reached Hecla in one march and the Roosevelt in another. When we

Continued on Page 8, Sixth Column.

A WARNING TO WOMEN

STOP SUFFERING WOMAN!

Don't waste your time and money on "patent" medicine, on **men doctors**, who are not in sympathy with women's ills, or on remedies put out by women who are **not** doctors. I know what I am talking about, and I say to you in all sincerity that there is no hope for you to become completely and permanently cured so long as you depend upon remedies that are made to **sell** rather than to **actually cure** diseases of women. As a woman—as a mother—and as a physician, I warn you against wasting your time and money on "cure-alls" which other women claim to have found or discovered. I tell you, my sister woman, that unless you are the rare exception, the treatment you must have to cure you must consist of scientific remedies that are prescribed especially for your particular case. They should be prescribed by a sympathetic **woman physician**, by a specialist who is skilled, experienced and successful in treating various women's ills.

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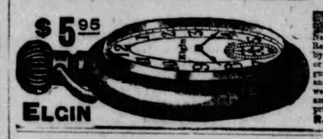

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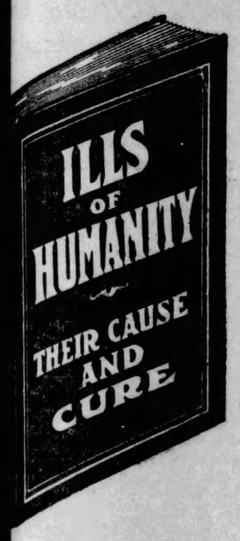

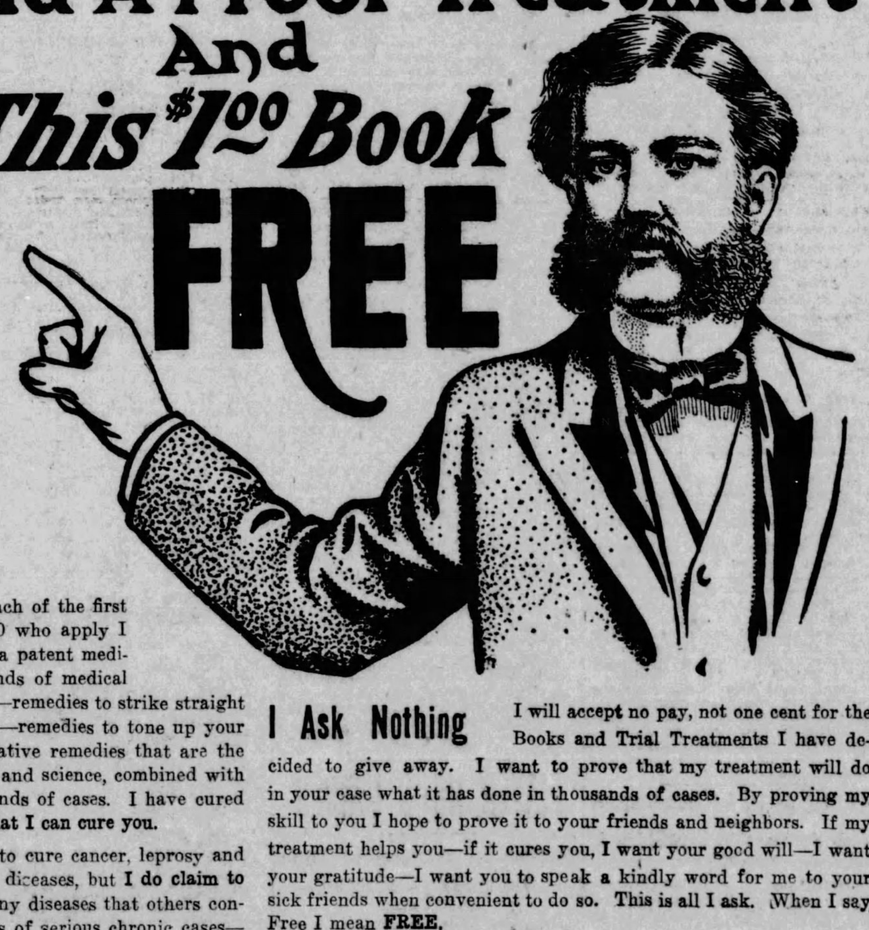

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DIZZINESS	LUNG TROUBLE
EPILEPSY	ASTHMA

DOCTOR KIDD:—Please send me, free of charge, postage paid, your 180-page Home Medical Book and a free treatment for my case. It is understood that this book and treatment is not to cost me one cent, now or at any time, and that it does not obligate me in any way.

(Write name on this line) (Age)

(Address) (How long afflicted)

(Name or describe here the disease with which you suffer most)

Note.—If you have any disease or affliction not mentioned in this list, describe on another sheet of paper and send with coupon; or, if you prefer, describe your condition in your own words in a letter to me.

WHY BE TOO THIN

when we offer you a full 50-cent treatment of Dr. Whitney's Flesh Builder FREE to prove that it will give you a perfectly developed figure. If there is any part of your figure which is undeveloped—if your bust is too small—if your shoulders, arms or limbs are not prettily rounded—if there are hollows in your cheeks, neck or upper chest—we ask the opportunity to prove at our expense that we can give you a beautiful bust, prettily rounded neck and shoulders and well developed limbs. It does not matter whether your thinness is all over or in one particular part.

This treatment has been delighting women with its permanent results for over ten years, enlarging their bust measurement when desired from 2 to 6 inches—it's purely vegetable, safe, and sure in its results; that's the reason we can make this offer.

Just write now, before this offer is withdrawn, to The C. L. Jones Co., 51 K Friend Bldg., Elmira, N. Y., enclosing 10c to cover mailing expenses, and a full 50c treatment will be sent you in a plain package by return mail.

EARN $7 DAILY SELLING

the Dr. Haux famous Perfect Vision Spectacles—finest and cheapest on earth. Write for special agents and dealers terms. Dr. Haux Spectacle Co., Box 100, St. Louis, Mo.

Combination Tweezers and Magnifying Glass. Useful in every household, profession and trade. Has powerful lens adjustable to any angle. Handy size for pocket. Everybody should have one. Sells for 25c. Sample with leather case, 12c. Agents wanted T. B. Trader, 23 Duane st., N. Y.

EARN $60 TO $150 A MONTH

Young Men Wanted for

STEAM RAILWAY
Firemen, Brakemen,
ELECTRIC RAILWAY
Motormen, Conductors.

We prepare you by mail in from four to six weeks for any one of these positions and assist you to employment. We have had more calls for our competent men than could be supplied. Many positions now open. Experience is unnecessary; promotion is rapid.

This Association is Directed by Practical Railroad Men and its Advisory Board is Composed of Officials from these Great Railroads:

GREAT NORTHERN; CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN; CHICAGO, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS & OMAHA; K. C. SOUTHERN and METROPOLITAN ST. RY. CO.

If you want interesting railroad work or wish to live in the city with a good, steady position, right now is the time to start. Cut out this advertisement, fill in your name and address plainly, mark X before position desired, send AT ONCE for FREE BOOK.

NATIONAL RAILWAY TRAINING ASSOCIATION,
Applications from colored men not accepted. Kansas City, Mo.

NAME P.O. STATE AGE

WINCHESTER

"Brush" Shells
For Bird Shooting

These shells make a big open pattern at ranges most birds are shot. With them you can use your duck or trap gun for field shooting without mutilating the game. They are loaded in "Leader" and "Repeater" grades. Your dealer can get them for you.

GET WINCHESTER SHELLS
ACCEPT NO OTHERS

DYING, PREVENTED PANIC

Planned With Morgan to Support Market in Case of Death.

Arden, N. Y., Sept. 11.—One of the last men to talk with Edward H. Harriman before the relapse of last Sunday, that ended in his death, was J. P. Morgan.

The financier came to Arden house Thursday of last week, when the encouraging improvement noted in Mr. Harriman's condition was at its height and in spite of his bodily weakness the head of the Union Pacific system was as well fitted to discuss business as at any time in his life. For nearly two hours the two leaders of American finance, sat on the porch, in the sun.

It is believed that at this conference plans were laid to support the financial market in the event of Mr. Harriman's death or in case his health forced him to abandon all business activity. Mr. Morgan's country estate, on the west bank of the Hudson, joins that of Mr. Harriman.

When this conference tok place Mr. Harriman knew that he was a dying man, although he kept this information from his family and steadily encouraged their belief that he would get well. No one saw more clearly than Mr. Harriman what would probably happen when he died. For the sake of thousands of railroad stockholders, as well as for his own interests, he knew that unless the strongest money power in the country "got under" the market the effect of his death would be disastrous. This, without doubt, is why he called in Mr. Morgan.

The Harriman funeral continued to be the main topic of conversation in this vicinity today. The little church at Arden, with its seating capacity of only 150, cannot begin to accommodate the crowd that will attend the public memorial services Sunday morning, or the so-called "private" ceremony at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Messages of condolence continue to arrive at Arden house. The mail of the little postoffice today swelled a dozen times its usual size. Telegrams for the Harriman house are handled at the switching tower near the railroad station.

For the first time since Sunday Judge Robert S. Lovett did not spend the night at Arden house last night. Dr. Lyle also was away, and the group in the house was made up entirely of members of the family.

Little clue to the cause of Mr. Harrimann's eath is given by the death certificate prepared by Dr. Lyle. This certificate was received today by I. D. Smith, the undertaker, who will file it with the town clerk at Highlaid Mills. It gives the cause of death as "heart failure superinduced by internal complications." This certificate probably will be filed tomorrow morning, since this formality is necessary before the burial.

60,000 CHILDREN SHUT OUT

Nowhere Near Enough Room in New York Schools.

New York, Sept. 13.—The public schools of the five boroughs of Greater New York opened today with 60,000 children unable to gain admittance for the full courses. W. H. Maxwell, superintendent of schools, estimated there are no less than 675,000 applicants for enrollment.

The 60,000 who are left out will be compelled to attend half sessions; that is, be instructed three hours every day instead of five hours. Superintendent Maxwell predicts that the congestion in 1910 will be even worse than it is this year.

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think it owes it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3958 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary envelope, free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely sterilizing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

DEATH OF HARRIMAN CAUSES NO FLURRY

New York, Sept. 10.—Business and financial circles showed today that they felt the sound and prosperous condition of the country to be so firmly established that it could not be shaken even by the death of so great and important a figure as Edward H. Harriman.

Announcement that finis had been written to the career of the railroad king, came too late yesterday for speculators to play any tricks with the market and today the sober sense of the industrial world was shown by the strong and steady tone of all dealings.

From the opening of the stock exchange to its close all the big properties showed marked gains with an especially heavy demand for the Harriman group. Reports from foreign capitals were equally encouraging and it is taken for granted that the onward march of industrial development has received not the slightest check.

MAGNATE FACED DEATH WITH UNSHAKEN NERVE

New York, Sept. 10.—With the passing of E. H. Harriman from the realm of business where he had long occupied a dominant position achieved by remarkable genius and intense energy, the attention of hosts of his friends and admirers turned today to the stricken family in the silent house on Tower Hill at Arden.

The magnificent courage with which Mr. Harriman faced the unconquerable enemy was characteristic of the man and stirred the emotions not only of those who had been close to the railroad financier but elicited tributes from men who had been his opponents in many a business affray. Almost to the last, the mind of the man who had never given up in defeat continued actively directing the great business he had built up. His last instructions were delivered to a subordinate only a few hours before his death.

Constant vigil had been maintained at the Harriman home all during the night preceding his death, for the members of his family realized that only the stern will power of the man sustained him in the unequal fight he was waging. A crisis was anticipated at any moment, but Mr. Harriman's cheerful optimism abundantly expressed when he returned from Europe to take, as he said, "the aftercure," gave hope that he might yet survive the critical stage.

Spoke Cheering Words.

Ex-Judge Robert S. Lovett, vice president of the Union Pacific and one of Mr. Harriman's closest associates, remained at the house all Wednesday night. Although the patient's vitality was at a low stage and he was suffering from a high fever he revived a trace yesterday morning and endeavored to cheer his despairing wife and children.

"Don't worry, my dear," he said to his daughter, Miss Mary Harriman, "I am going to get well."

Some hours later it became apparent that the end of the brilliant career was approaching, and the members of Mr. Harriman's family were summoned to the bedside. There, according to one of those present, the scene enacted was most affecting as the husband and father bade his wife and children good-bye. With unfaltering courage, but ebbing strength, he clasped hands with all for the last time, embraced them, spoke words of cheer to his wife and daughters and of advice to his sons Roland and Averell.

Roland, the youngest son, who has been his father's constant companion during his illness, was shaking with sobs as his father clasped him in his arms and whispered the farewell words.

Mr. Harriman's death occurred at 1:30 p. m., but the fact was not announced until after the close of the stock market. About 2 o'clock Wall street heard rumors that the financier was dead, but that the statement to that effect would not be given out until afer the Stock Exchange session ended. A telephone call to the Harriman home at 1:45 brought a positive denial of the report of Mr. Harriman's death.

Business World Not Shaken.

The general opinion in financial circles this morning was that the business world is prepared for the shock of Mr. Harriman's passing. So firm was believed to be the foundation he had established for the towering business structure he reared that little or no apprehension was expressed. It was pointed out that the railroad builder had placed at the head of the various properties he controlled men in whom he had confidence and who doubtless had instructions to pursue the policies which had carried the Harriman enterprises to success.

It is the general belief that overwork was the cause of Mr. Harriman's death. There was some malady of the digestive organs, which, it is understood, was never positively diagnosed, and the precise nature of which never will be known. There is to be no autopsy. The funeral services will be held at Arden on Sunday afternoon at 3:30, and will be strictly private.

FEW KNOW AMOUNT OF IMMENSE FORTUNE

New York, Sept. 10.—Only a few persons know the amount of Mr. Harriman's immense fortune. Recent estimates have varied all the way from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000. He was, of course, a large holder of securities of the various corporations with which he was identified, including, in addition to the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific systems, over a score of smaller or tributary properties, not only in this country, but in Mexico as well.

Report credited him with large personal holdings in the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe road, Baltimore & Ohio, Delaware & Hudson, Erie, Illinois Central, New York Central and Pacific Mail Steamship company. His holdings of Brooklyn Rapid Transit stock and bonds were very large a few years ago and these have probably been increased in late years.

He was reported to have been the largest individual stockholder in the Wells Fargo Express company, which only recently acquired a virtual monopoly of the express business in Mexico.

Mr. Harriman's real estate holdings in New York were comparatively small. His home at Arden is said to represent an outlay of over $2,000,000.

At the time of his death Mr. Harriman was an officer or director in the following corporations:

Baltimore & Ohio, Brooklyn Rapid Transit Co., Central Pacific Railway Co., Colorado Fuel & Iron Co., Guaranty Trust Co. of New York, Illinois Central, Ilwaco Railway & Navigation Co., International Banking corporation, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway Co., Leavenworth, Kansas & Western, Louisiana Western, Michigan Central, Morgan's Louisiana & Texas Railroad (and Steamship Co.), National City Bank of New York, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Co., New York, Susquehanna & Western railroad, Night and Day Bank of New York, Oregon & California Railroad Co., Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co., Oregon Short Line Railroad Co., Pacific Coast Co., Pacific Mail Steamship Co., Pere Marquette Railroad Co., Portland & Asiatic Steamship Co., Railroad Securities Co., Rio Bravo Oil Co., San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad Co., St. Joseph & Grand Island Railway Co., Southern Pacific Coast railway, Southern Pacific Co., Southern Pacific Terminals Co., Texas & New Orleans Railroad Co., Union Pacific Land Co., Union Pacific Railroad Co., Wells-Fargo Co., Wells-Fargo-Nevada National bank, and the Western Union Telegraph Co.

HARRIMAN'S SYSTEM.

Road.	Mileage.
Union Pacific	5,916
Southern Pacific	9,731
Illinois Central	4,278
New York Central	12.282
Atchison	9,350
St. Louis & San Francisco	6,356
St. Paul	8,687
Chicago & Northwestern	7,632
Baltimore & Ohio	4,446
Delaware & Hudson	845
Georgia Central	1,914
Wheeling & Lake Erie	442
Erie Railroad	2,333
Total	84,319

The stockholders in these systems number 80,000. The number of employes is in excess of 350,000.

RESTS UNDER THE PINES

Wall Street Rulers Join With Workmen to Pay Respects.

Arden, N. Y., Sept. 13.—Through the quiet aisles of the Ramapo woods the body of Edward H. Harriman was carried away from the great house he never lived to see finished, and laid in its last resting place on the Arden hillside.

The rulers of Wall street came from New York to pay their last tribute, but the most prominent part in the funeral ceremonies was taken by the men who knew him best as a country squire, master of the great estate which covers 43,000 acres of hill and valley in this, the most rugged part of Orange county. His general superintendent, his master carpenter, his master mason and the managers and assistant managers of his dairies, his farms and his trotting stables, were the men who bore his coffin, and the services were led by his own chaplain.

Service for Family.

The first service was holy communion, celebrated at 10 a. m. by the Rev. J. Holmes McGuiness, for Mrs. Harriman and her children at the home at Tower Hill. At 11 o'clock came a public memorial service at St. John's church for the employes of the estate and parishioners of the church, who, on account of lack of space, were unable to attend the funeral service later.

The Harriman family pews were left vacant. Mrs. Charles D. Simons, Mr. Harriman's sister, her husband and two daughters and Orlando H. Harriman, a brother, were the only relatives present. They were all in deep mourning. A special communion was celebrated for them during the service. Mr. Harriman's two nieces, daughters of Mrs. Simons, sang in the choir. Just above them behind the small organ, was a motto on the wall: "Give alms of thy goods."

Instead of the usual morning sermon Dr. McGuiness, the pastor, delivered a memorial address in which he dwelt particularly upon those qualities of Mr. Harriman best known to his family, his employes and his neighbors.

The service closed in silent prayer and one by one the country folk filed out, many with tears in their eyes.

Roads Were Guarded.

Elaborate prccautions were taken to preserve the privacy of the afternoon service. Several score of employes, aided by a number of uniformed policemen from Tuxedo, guarded all roads over which the funeral procession passed from the house to the church and kept watch at intervals of twenty yards around a patch of woods which included the Harriman burial plot.

The funeral procession reached the church at 4 p. m. The casket—one solid mass of lilies of the valley and green vines, with an immense bunch of crimson roses on top—was carried to the altar by eight bearers clad in black and wearing black skull caps. The regular funeral service of the Episcopal church was conducted by Dr. McGuiness, assisted by the Rev. G. Nelson, archdeacon of the cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York. A male quartet and the choir of Grace church, New York, sang Abide With Me, and There is a Land of Pure Delight, Mr. Harriman's favorite hymns.

Service Lasted 20 Minutes.

The service lasted but 20 minutes. Then the stalwart bearers carried the casket to the burial plot, 100 yards up the road.

Mr. Harriman lies in a little clearing not 10 feet from the roadway. His grave, hewn from the rock of the steep hillside, will always be fragrant with the balsam and hemlock that hem it in on every side except that toward the road. One of his own gardeners could not have chosen a less ostentatious place for his last sleep.

It was 5 o'clock when Archdeacon Nelson took a handful of earth, and, sprinkling it over the bed of lilies that hid the metal casket, consigned the body of Edward Harriman to the earth of the spot he loved best.

Mrs. Harriman and her children drove home immediately after the ceremony.

ASK TAFT TO MEET GOMPERS

Washington, Sept. 14.—Plans of the Central Labor Union for the home-coming reception it will tender Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, in this city October 1, include invitations to President Taft and William Jennings Bryan. The latter will probably attend.

Fully 30,000 mebers of organized labor will march in the torchlight parade on the night of October 1.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND
WATERPROOF
OILED
CLOTHING
will give you full value for every dollar spent and keep you dry in the wettest weather.
SUITS $3.00
SLICKERS $3.00
POMMEL SLICKERS $3.00
SOLD EVERYWHERE
CATALOG FREE

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, U.S.A.
TOWER CANADIAN CO. LIMITED TORONTO, CAN.

FIRST VIEW OF COMET

German Astronomer Says He Has Had a Peep at Wanderer.

Halley's comet, for which astronomers have been eagerly watching, has been seen, according to a dispatch received at the Harvard observatory from Prof. Wolff, of Heidelberg. Prof. Wolff observed the celestial wanderer September 11 in right ascension 6 hour, 18 minutes, 12 seconds. The declination was 17 degrees, 11 minutes north. It could, of course, only be made out with a large telescope.

Rev. Fred. J. Hillig, science teacher at St. John's college, said this morning that he believed Prof. Wolff had seen the comet, which is a periodical and returns every 70 years.

"It is due in May, 1911," said Father Hillig. "The presence in the sky of the comet will start every astronomer in the world to observing its movements, for we do not know very much about comets. The Malley comet, the same as all periodic comets, does not go beyond the solar system. It has an eccentric orbit and goes about as far as the orbit of Neptune.

"It was first discovered by Halley, the English astronomer, in 1682, and recognized as a periodic comet. In 1759, when it returned, it had a large tail about 50 degrees long. When it next returned, in 1835, much of its brilliancy had been lost, as had 35 degrees of its tail. It is difficult to say what it will look like when it returns again in 1911. It will no doubt be smaller, as much of the matter in comets is dissipated in space."

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, 820 Carrier Building, East Hampton, Conn., says that if any of our readers afflicted with a kidney or bladder trouble will send their address to him, he will gladly and without charge, direct them to the splendid remedy he so successfully used at home in his own case.

RAILROADS PAID TOO MUCH?

Hitchcock to Learn Cost of Carrying Mails.

Washington, Sept. 13.—Postmaster General Hitchcock is preparing to institute an inquiry to determine whether the approximately $50,000,000 which the government annually pays the railroads for carrying the mails is too much or too little for the service performed.

The railroads are required, by a law passed in 1879 but never enforced, to supply to the postmaster general information as what it costs them to carry the mails. Mr. Hitchcock will take steps to obtain this information from all the railroads during the month of November.

COUNTED IN BILLIONS

United States Exports Since 1789, $12,000,000,000.

Washington, Sept. 13.—The exports of American manufactures for the 120 years from 1789 to 1909, according to a report just made public by the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor, amounted to $12,000,000,000. Of this enormous amount two-thirds were exported within the past 20 years and one-half, or $6,000,000,000, within the past 11 years.

This shows that the value of manufactures exported within the past 11 years is as great as all that exported in the 109 years preceding 1898 and the total for the past 20 years is twice as large as the total for the 100 years immediately preceding.

Every city, country and grand division of the world has contributed to this growth, says the report.

In 1790 the total value of manufactures exported amounted to $1,243,547, which was 6 per cent of the total domestic merchandise exported. The largest item was classed as "chemicals, drugs, etc.," but which was in the main potash, pearl ash and other similar products which amounted to $841,000.

Iron and steel products were not recorded until 1790, when the value of these exports amounted to $117,000. The million dollar mark was not passed until 1840, and from that time forward a steady increase was shown in manufactures of steel. Last year a grand total of nearly $200,000,000 of manufactures of steel exported was reached.

The total value of manufactures exported during 1908 was $750,000,000. Of this amount Europe received approximately one-half, or $368,000,000; North America, $189,000,000; South America, $71,750,000; Asia, $71,750,000; Oceanica, $40,000,000, and Africa, $10,000,000.

Of the amount sent to Europe $97,000,000 was copper; $55,000,000 mineral oil; $47,000,000 manufactures of iron and steel; $39,000,000 manufactures of wood; $17,000,000 naval stores, and $14,000,000 agricultural implements.

SLICE OF TOWN DROPS

Remarkable Cave-In Occurs in Scranton.

Scranton, Sept. 8.—Most of the Fourteenth ward, in West Scranton settled from two to eight feet at noon the other day. It was the worst mine cave-in the city ever experienced. The money loss exceeds $200,000, and the accident has caused much suffering.

The disturbance is estimated to have been 120 feet below the surface. Fissures extending to the surface and three feet across at the top show themselves in a number of places. The settling was caused by the giving way under a side hill of abandoned workings of the old "Cork and Bottle" colliery of the Fairlawn Coal company, which ceased operations 20 years ago.

The heaviest damage was to Public School No. 16, a brick building that cost $90,000. The walls are still standing, but it will be necessary to tear them down. More than 30 houses on Robinson, Chestnut and Price streets and Fairview and Lackawanna avenues have been abandoned by the occupants on account of the settling. Most of them are tilted toward the school, which seems to have been the seat of the disturbance, and many of them stand at dangerous angles on the hill above Robinson street, which overlooks the central city. The porches of the houses extend into space, the ground having dropped from under them.

A few kitchen stoves overturned, but the worst result of this was confusion. The entire city fire department was summoned and the fires were promptly extinguished.

A new three-story tenement on the brow of the hill slid down the declivity six or seven feet and is threatening to topple with further settling.

Gas and water pipes were broken in all sections of the disturbed area, and police are keeping people from entering upon it for fear of a lighted match starting a fire.

Rats by the thousands ran through the fissures and scattered over the streets. Wisps of hay and straw that have lain in the old workings for 20 years were blown through an unsealed opening on the river bank by the force of the compression of air resulting from the settling.

One of the biggest items of loss is the land, which, on account of being on a steep hillside, is probably made unmarketable.

A remarkable feature of the accident was that not a single person was injured.

KING TAKES AIRSHIP RIDE

Friedrichshafen, Sept. 9.—Count Zeppelin took the king of Saxony for an hour's run in his airship today. The trip was uneventful, and the king expressed himself as delighted.

FACE REBATING CHARGE

Wabash, New York Central, Chesapeake & Ohio Are Involved.

Washington, Sept. 13.—The United States government has practically completed its preliminary investigation of gross violations of the Sherman anti-trust act, the act to regulate commerce, the Elkins rebate law, and existing features of the Wilson tariff act by several transatlantic steamship lines and railroad companies operating within the borders of the United States.

The payment of rebates is alleged to have been made to the Holland-American Steamship company, operating a line of trans-Atlantic passenger and freight boats between Rotterdam, Holland and American ports, by railroads under secret agreements and private arrangements, in violation of the Elkins rebate law as amended.

The railroads which it is claimed have been guilty of these offenses are the Central, of Vermont, the Wabash, the Ontario & Western, the New York Central, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Chesapeake & Ohio, the Erie, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and the National Dispatch company. These railroads are declared to have paid rebates to the Holland-American Steamship company during the years 1907, 1908 and 1909.

The pooling of the steamship lines, it is charged, has wide ramifications. Not only are the regular trans-Atlantic lines involved in these various charges, but the South American steamship companies have been brought into an investigation that is being carried on very quietly by the government.

The charges affect particularly the coffee trade, which is one of the predominating factors in the freight traffic between the United States and Brazil and other countries on the South American continent. The inquiry as to the alleged combination of these South American companies is with a view to developing the possibility of violations of the Sherman anti-trust law, the Elkins law, or other federal statutes, and if the investigation, so far incomplete, sustains the charges, a prosecution that will follow largely the lines of the trans-Atlantic case will be pressed by the government.

The investigation of the South American steamship lines is not as well developed as the trans-Atlantic case, which has been going on for six months or more, and the territory and field of influences are by no means so broad, but the allegations are of a startling character, and if sustained by the investigation promise very important developments. The department of justice officials are observing the utmost reticence.

WANTS TO AID AFRICA

Roosevelt Asks Fish for Lake Naivasha.

Washington, Sept. 9.—Former President Roosevelt has requested that the United States government send a supply of black bass to British East Africa to be deposited in Lake Naivasha.

Mr. Roosevelt's request was made in a personal letter to Commissioner Gerge M. Bowers, of the bureau of fisheries, and it will be complied with if possible.

The letter follows:

Nairobi, East Africa, July 17, '09.

My dear Mr. Bowers—Would it be possible for the fish commission to send here a good lot of black bgass, either spawn or young, or in whatever shape they are usually sent, to put in Lake Naivasha? The water is fairly temperate. It is slightly alkaline, but is habitually drunk and there are plenty of small fish and frogs for the fish to live on. Would it be possible for the fish commission to do this?

I have had great luck here so far.
Faithfully, Theodore Roosevelt.

Commissioner Bowers immediately replied to the request indicating his intention to comply with it as soon as possible.

Mr. Bowers said that the fish probably would be forwarded from a point in central or southern Europe to which the fish commission had sent black bass.

"The probability," said Commissioner Bowers, "is that we shall send a consignment of large mouth bass, as they are hardier than the small mouth bass. We may conclude to send, not the live fish, but the spawn, but, in my judgment there would be no difficulty in transporting the live fish, as in aerated water they will live for many months."

Commissioner Bowers expressed the belief that it would be desirable to send the large mouth bass, as they are known to live well in alkaline waters while bass of the small mouth variety live better in fresh water and prefer running streams.

MAKES A CALL IN AEROPLANE

French Aeronaut Puts Machine to New Use.

Tournal, France, Sept. 14.—M. Paulhan put the aeroplane to a new use yesterday afternoon. Wishing to pay a visit to the Chateau Taintignies, some miles distant from the aerodrome, he pointed his machine in that direction and flew leisurely across country, settling gently near the entrance to the chateau.

After chatting for a short time with his friends, the aviator remounted the seat and flew back to the aerodrome. He was absent for about an hour and a half, and tremendous enthusiasm greeted his return. The crowds gathered around him and bore him in triumph on their shoulders.

SMUGGLERS USE WIRELESS

Passengers Warned to Beware of Customs Sleuths.

New York, Sept. 14.—According to Collector Loeb, he unearthed a new practice among smugglers recently when he learned that wireless telegraphy had been brought to play by persons on shore to warn inbound passengers, who had hoped to evade the payment of duty, that it would be useless to attempt to evade the vigilance of the inspectors.

Mr. Loeb said that in a recent instance one passenger had thus been induced to declare a $30,000 diamond necklace which he had intended to try to slip through.

Heart Trouble from Childhood

"I suffered with my heart from girlhood; could not sleep on left side. Eleven bottles of Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy removed all these troubles, and brought complete recovery." MRS. H. C. CRUSE, San Francisco, Calif.

The life of the body is the blood. It runs on and on, carrying nourishment and gathering up impurities as long as life lasts—the heart makes it go. When the heart is weak it cannot do this, and dizzy spells, palpitation, short breath, indicate that it is doing its work imperfectly.

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy strengthens the heart nerves and muscles, and restores normal action to the heart.

The first bottle will benefit; if not, your druggist will return your money.

PEARY DESCRIBES PERILS OF DASH

Continued from Page 7.

got to the Roosevelt I was staggered by the news of fatal mishap to Marvin. He had neither been less cautious or less fortunate than the rest of us and his death emphasized the risk to which we had all been subjected, for there was not one of us but had been in the sledge at sometime during the journey. The big lead, cheated of its prey three years before, had at last gained its human victim.

We picked up Whitney and his party and the stores at Etah. We killed 70 odd walrus for my Eskimos, whom I landed at their homes. We met the Jeanie off Sounders island and took over her coal and cleared from Cape York on August 26, one month earlier than in 1906. On September 5 we arrived at Indian Harbor, whence the message "Stars and Stripes nailed to North Pole," was sent vibrating southward through the crisp Labrador air.

This was the culmination of long experience. A thorough knowledge of the conditions of the problem, gained in the last expedition, this, together with a new type of sledge, which reduced the work of both dogs and driver, and a new type of camp cooler, which added to the comfort and increase the hours of sleep of the members of the party, combined to make the present expedition an agreeable improvement upon the last in respect to the rapidity and effectiveness of its work and the lessened discomfort and strain upon the members of the party.

Compliments His Men.

As to the personnel, I have again been particularly fortunate. Captain Bartlett is just Bartlett—tireless, sleepless, enhusiastic, whether on the brige or in the crow's nest, or at the head of a sledge in the field.

Dr. Goodsell, the surgeon of the expedition, not only looked after its health, and his own specialty of microscopes, but took his full share of the field work of the expedition as well, and was always ready for any work.

Professor Marvin and McMillan secured a mass of scientific data, having made all the tidal and most of the field work and their services were invaluable in every way.

Borup not only made the record in the distance traveled during the journey, but to his assistance and his expert knowledge of photography is due what I believe to be the unequaled series of photographs taken by the expedition.

Henson in the field, and Percy, a steward, were the same as ever, invaluable in their respective lines. Chief Engineer Warwell, also of the last expedition, aided by his assistant, Scott, kept the machinery up to a high state of efficiency and has given the Roosevelt the power which enabled her to negotiate apparently impracticable ice.

Mr. Gushie, the mate who was in charge of the Roosevelt during the absence of Captain Bartlett and myself, and Boatswain Murphy, who was put in charge of the station at Etah for the relief of Cook, were both trustworthy and reliable men, and I count myself fortunate in having had them in my service.

The members of the crew and the firemen were a distinct improvement over those of the last expedition. Every one of them was willing and anxious to be of service in every possible way. Connors, who was promoted to be boatswain in the absence of Murphy, proved to be particularly effective. Barnes, seaman, and Wiseman and Joyce, firemen, not only assisted Marvin and McMillan in their tidal and meteorological observations on the Roosevelt, but Wiseman and Barnes went into the field with them on their trip to Cape Columbia, and Condon and Cody covered 1,000 miles hunting and sledging supplies.

Supplies for Eskimos.

As for my faithful Eskimos, I have left with them ample supplies of dark rich walrus meat and blubber for their winter, with currants, sugar biscuits, guns, rifles, ammunition, knives, hatchets, traps, etc., and for the splendid four who stood beside me at the pole, a boat and a tent each to requite them for their energy and the hardship and toil they underwent to help their friend Peary to the North Pole.

But all of this—the dearly bought years of experience, the magnificent strength of the Roosevelt, the splendid energy and enthusiasm of my party, the loyal faithfulness of my Eskimos—could have gone for naught but for the faithful necessities of war furnished so loyally by the members and friends of the Peary Arctic club.

And it is no detraction from the living to say that to no single individual has the fine result been more signally due than to my friend, the late Morris K. Jessup, the first president of the club.

Their assistance has enabled be to tell the last of the great earth stories, the story the world has been waiting to hear for 300 years, the story of the discovery of the North Pole.

ROBERT E. PEARY.
THE END.

FEWER HOGS RAISED

Porker Population of Ohio Shows Big Decrease.

Columbus, Sept. 13.—Ohio is losing its hogs. Figures compiled in the auditor of state's office from the returns of assessors show that there are less porkers in every county than there were last year. The decrease is charged to the high price of corn, which makes more money for the farmers when sold as grain than as meat. The same report shows more horses, sheep, cattle and mules.

This year there are 1,320,755 hogs, a loss of 331,834. Knox county had the lightest decrease, with 18. There are 765,032 horses, an increase of 9,671; 1,307,528 cattle, increase 534; 22,334 mules, increase 1,251; 2,608,203 sheep, increase 143,409.

The heavy live stock population runs in sections. Most of the mules are around Cincinnati, which is a big market for the kickers. The largest numbers of horses are mostly in the counties with the big cities, although Darke county tops the list. The cattle are north and east of Columbus. Sheep live southeast of here and the hogs are south and west.

The largest showing of live stock, on which taxes are paid, are made in the rich rural counties, as much of the four-footed population in the big counties escapes the assessors. Darke makes a better showing than any other county.

Darke county has 18,757 horses for a population of 42,500. Cuyahoga has 16,819, Montgomery 16,534, Hamilton 15,455, Stark 14,621, Franklin 14,174.

Ashtabula leads in cattle, with 27,170, Trumbull has 25,065, Licking 25,065, Stark 24,300, Darke 23,462, Franklin 18,345.

Hamilton has 1,243 mules, Preble 672, Scioto 672, Clinton 698, Butler 614, Clarke 610, Franklin 310.

Harrison has 122,426 sheep, Jefferson 120,371, Lawrence 116,034, Muskingum 106,342, Coshocton 98,618, Franklin 11,118.

Fayette has 45,344 hogs, Clinton 42,370, Darke 36,157, Madison 35,600, Highland 32,631 Franklin 18,778.

FLY 35 MILES DUE NORTH

Washington, Sept. 14.—After six hours in the air the United States army balloon, which was sent up from West Washington yesterday forenoon carrying Lieuts. Humphreys and Lahrn, of the aeronautical division of the signal corps, descended at 4 p. m. yesterday near Gaither, Md., a distance in an irregular line of about 35 miles almost due north from Washington. The flight was one for instruction, the aeronauts intending to land in time to return to Washington during the evening.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Sept. 14.—Rain in the northwest and higher cables resulting from locust damage reports elevated wheat prices at the outset and held the market firm during the early morning hours in the face of rather heavy selling of December at Chicago. Showers in the southwest will be beneficial for fall plowing. One of the most satisfactory developments from a bearish standpoint is the report of splendid crops of all kinds of grain practically throughout Russia. Though less than a year ago, receipts in the northwest were liberal. Elsewhere, arrivals were not particularly large. Gaining ¾c at the outset, cash and September advanced from $1.12¼ to $1.12⅝ before 10 o'clock. December was quoted 7c up at $1.12¾ at the start while May opened unchanged at $1.13. The whole list swung up during the fore part of the session, an advance in May of ⅝c being the heaviest gain.

Because the selling after the first hour was a trifle better than the buying, prices worked down a trifle, though at the close prices were a trifle higher than the previous finish. Among the selling interests were the Patten people. Toledo cash and September closed 14c up at $1.12¼, December ½c higher at $1.12¾ and May ½c higher at $1.13½. Liverpool closed ¼ to ⅜d higher.

With receipts at Chicago large, country offerings liberal and weather generally favorable, corn opened weak. September opened ½c lower at 71c, December ⅜c off at 61c and May ½c down at 63¼c. The market firmed up considerably early in the session.

Corn values at the close were about ¼c lower, cash and September closing at 71¼c, December at 61¼c and May at 63⅛c.

Oats was lower in sympathy with corn. September opened ¼c off at 40¼c, December ¼c down at 41½c and May steady at 44½c.

With the exception of May, which was ⅛c off, oats values at the close were a shade advanced. Cash and September ended the day at 40¾c, December at 41⅜c and May at 44⅛c.

Trade in clover seed was unusually brisk, and prices were up about 10c at the outset as the result of good demand. At 10 a. m., October was 10c up at $8.57½, December 5c higher at $8.45 and March 7½c up at $8.47½.

Cash clover seed at the finish was 5c up at $8.20, October 5c advanced at $8.52½ and December and March 5c higher at $8.45. Prime alsike closed 1c up at $7.85.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close—Sept. 14	Close—Sept. 13
Wheat—					
Cash	1.12¼	1.13¾	¼....	1.12¼	1.12
Sept	1.12¼	1.13	....	1.12¼	1.12
Dec	1.12⅝	1.13½	1.12¼	1.12⅝	1.12¼
May	1.13	1.14⅜	....	1.13½	1.13
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	71¼	71½
Sept	71	71¾	....	71½	71½
Dec	61	61⅝	....	61¼	61⅜
May	63¼	63½	....	63⅜	63⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	40⅝	40½
Sept	40½	40⅝	....	40⅝	40½
Dec	41½	41⅝	....	41⅞	41⅜
May	44¼	....	....	44⅛	44¼
Clover Seed—					
Cash	8.15	....	....	8.20	8.15
Oct	8.50	....	....	8.52½	8.47½
Dec	8.47½	....	....	8.45	8.40
March	8.50	....	....	....	8.40
No. 3	....	....	....	7.40	....
Rejected	....	....	....	6.75	....
N. E. G.	....	....	....	7.15	....
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	70½	70
No. 2	....	....	....	67½	....
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.80	1.80
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.95	....

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.04⅛	1.04⅝	1.03¼	1.03⅜	1.03⅞
Dec	98⅝	....	98	98⅝	98¼
May	1.01½	1.02⅛	1.01⅛	1.02	1.01⅝
Corn—					
Sept	66⅝	67⅛	66⅛	67	67
Dec	60¼	60⅝	59⅞	60½	60⅛
May	61⅞	62¼	61⅝	61⅞	61⅞
Oats—					
Sept	39⅝	40¼	....	39⅝	39⅝
Dec	39⅝	39⅞	39¼	39⅝	39⅝
May	42	42¼	41⅝	42	41⅞

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.11	1.11⅝	....	1.11¼	1.10⅞
Dec	1.06⅜	1.07⅜	....	1.06⅝	1.06⅜
Corn—					
Sept	76	....	....	76	76
Dec	71¼	....	....	71¼	71¼

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.04¼	1.04⅞	....	1.04½	1.04½
Dec	1.00⅝	1.00⅝	99⅝	1.00⅝	1.00

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	98⅝	99¼
Dec	....	....	....	97⅝	97¼

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	....	99
Dec	....	....	....	....	97¼

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Sept	23.50	23.85	....